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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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THE RIGHT TO WORK

Social and economic history was made in May when the Twenty-Sixth International Labour Conference at Philadelphia agreed upon a social charter of far-reaching implications. Its principles embodied in practice would go a long way to restore world economic health, to redress injustice and to soften the rigours of the modern competitive economy. The Conference went on record as in favour of improved standards of living, of guarantees of the right to work, so necessary both to mental balance and to moral health, and of effective recognition of those rights without which labour invites exploitation at the hands of its employers—the rights of freedom of association and of collective bargaining.

The International Labour Office is one of the most constructive of all modern co-operative undertakings on the international scale. Its first Conference at Washington in 1919 might perhaps justly be taken to mark the opening of the century of the common man, of whose welfare we hear so much and see, alas, so little. As a moulder of public opinion, the power of the I. L. O. is cumulative. The Philadelphia Charter was not an isolated achievement but represents the keystone of an arch that has been long in building. This was recognised at the Conference when Mr. E. J. Phelan, its Secretary-General and the Acting Director of the I. L. O., described that charter as the "crown and confirmation of the efforts of those who drew up the I. L. O. Constitution twenty-five years ago."

But there are limitations to the positive effectiveness of the I. L. O., which might not inaptly be called the conscience of modern industrialism. Like conscience it lays down ethical demands which, again like conscience, it lacks the authority to enforce. Its Conferences propose and Governments dispose, each at its will and pleasure, of their recommendations. These become binding upon any Government only when

it ratifies them. And even then they are sometimes treated cavalierly, *e.g.*, the Geneva Convention forbidding the employment of women underground, ratified by the Indian Government eight years ago but most regrettably set aside during the present war.

How effective the new social charter will prove in insuring freedom from want will depend, therefore, upon governmental action and that in turn upon the pressure of public opinion. If, as the Conference proposes, these principles are written into the peace treaty, they will stand a chance of more effectiveness.

Society has long set limits to individual freedom to play the tyrant in the home. The Government will interfere if a man maltreats his wife or child or servant or if his home is so insanitary as to threaten public health. International society has no less a stake in the internal affairs of nations. The world moved toward that recognition when the Philadelphia Conference accepted the principle that Governments cannot be permitted to allow unemployment to develop unchecked or low living standards to persist, in view of their international consequences. Governments, it was emphasised, have a responsibility that they cannot evade in respect to employment and labour conditions.

Individual nations have too long acquiesced in widespread unemployment with its attendant physical and mental sufferings and its demoralisation of the individuals concerned and of society. Doles, the modern *panem et circenses*, debasing those that take and those that give, have many times, no doubt, kept riots and looting at bay, but they are no fair substitute for honest work. And in some countries, like our India, no adequate or general system even of doles has stood between unemployment and disaster.

The practical solution of the problem is still to seek. Even the U. S. A. with its Federal Unemployment Service was far indeed in the depression years from general employment. The Nazi solution of complete regimentation and stifling of initiative is worse than the ills which it essays to cure. So too is war, which also furnishes employment at too high a cost. But now the principle has been conceded the finding of a satisfactory solution must surely be a question of time.

Meantime the recognition of the intimate relation of full employment to effective demand, on which general economic prosperity depends, means at least partial recognition that the good of the few is never independent, in the long run, of the common good. And that admission is a vital link in the chain of proof of human brotherhood.

THE MAN WHO DREAMED THE SAME DREAM

[This is the first story by **Mr. Claude Houghton,** the English novelist, that we have had the privilege of publishing since "Mr. Bramley's Date with Destiny," which many will remember from our March 1942 issue. Those who read that will look to this for a like quickening—and they will not be disappointed.—ED.]

It's happened for a long time now—nearly three years. Every night I dream the same dream. Identically the same—down to the minutest particulars.

Try to realise that. Close your eyes for a moment and imagine that, every night for three years, *you* have dreamed the same dream. Identically the same.

You'd be surprised if you knew how many experiments I've made in order to induce another dream, or to cause a variation in the familiar one. I tried going to bed very early, or very late. I spent solitary evenings, or surrounded myself with people. I visited a lonely part of the country: I stayed in a big hotel in the centre of a huge city. One summer, I slept in a tent for weeks. Once, I went to bed half-drunk. But, whatever I did, or wherever I was, I always dreamed the same dream.

Although I tried these experiments, some of which I could not afford, you must not think that I wanted to banish the dream. Quite the reverse, I assure you. It is not exaggeration to say that I could continue to live only because of it, but, nevertheless, something impelled me to discover whether it would visit me nightly in every variety of circumstance.

I remember all the details of the night on which I dreamed it for the first time.

I had been alone for several weeks and had a room at the top of a suburban house. A dreary house in a dreary street. Every morning, at the same time, I went to the station to catch a train as I had to be at my office at about nine-thirty. Invariably, I took a short-cut through a long alley, on either side of which were the narrow gardens of ugly houses. The branches of smoke-grimed trees protruded over the alley walls and, just before reaching the main street with its clanging trams, was a wretched eating-house with a broad pavement in front of it.

This dismal alley was an uninspiring start for the day, but use had deadened its effect and, finally, I scarcely noticed it. As I hurried to the station always at the same time, I usually passed the same people hastening in the opposite direction. For instance, there were two girls, evidently typists, whom I often

met in the alley—and a girl who frequently got in my way just as I was about to cross to the station—but, as I never looked at them closely, I should certainly not have recognised them if I had seen them anywhere else.

That's the kind of life I was living.

Then I dreamed the dream.

It was a November night—dark, with a roving wind which rattled leafless boughs and ringed the house with a whining lament. I went back to my room at about eight o'clock. On the way home, I had stood outside a cinema, wondering whether to go in for a couple of hours, but decided to return to my room.

I took off my overcoat, lit the gas fire, then looked at my books, but I did not want to read. There was nothing I wanted to do. I stood for a long time, staring at the fire, asking myself how much longer I could continue to live without freedom, without joy, without beauty.

At last I decided to go to bed, although it was so early that I fully expected to stay awake in the darkness for hours.

While I undressed, all sorts of far-away things came into my head—long-forgotten things. Memories of marvellous moments that come to a child, and only to a child. Moments that one forgets—or dare not remember—as the jostling years multiply.

Five minutes after getting into bed, I went to sleep.

Then, for the first time, I dreamed the dream.

* * *

I woke up.

That is how the dream started. I woke up.

For some moments I lay still, lulled in measureless content. The air had a new quality. No sound came from the house: none from the world outside. Then, slowly, the rapturous knowledge that I was alive pulsed through me. Not merely that I was alive, but that I shared in the life of creation: I shared the life of rivers running to the sea; the life of stars; the life of all that stirred, flowered, blossomed. I shared hearing with everything that heard.

Soon, there was a glimmer of dawn and, eventually, through a gap in the curtain, a shaft of light softly lit the room.

I raised myself on my elbow and looked round.

A top room in an unknown house! I had never seen a room like this, with its pastel colouring and furniture so lovely that you stretched hands towards it. Then, as I gazed in astonishment, I suddenly understood that every single thing in this room had been made by those who loved their work—loved it passionately. Everything bore the signature of that devotion. Everything was hallowed.

Dawn was now a swelling symphony. A May dawn, fragrant and rich with the promise of maturity. A magical May morning! Fragile plumes of laburnum would toss in an errant breeze; lilac quiver; hawthorns be lit with beauty. May! Streams tinkling in lush meadows;

birds darting in and out of hedgerows; woodlands pierced with pencils of light!

I rose hastily, threw on some clothes, then, just as I was about to go downstairs, I came to a sudden standstill.

Somewhere, quite near, a woman was singing.

I stood as if hypnotised. Never had I heard a voice like this voice. I did not know, and I did not care, whether it had superlative quality. For me, it was "a revelation of the unfathomable." It wakened wonder. Listening to it, the miracle of being alive on this sea-girdled planet, under a host of stars, so possessed me that I ceased to be aware of my own identity.

The song ended—and an enriched silence filled the room.

I hurried to the window, threw it open, pushed back the green shutters.

An exclamation broke from me.

What place was this? Never had I seen such light, such trees, such flowers, such sky. Everything looked as if it had just been created—Eden, on the first day.

I felt a trespasser.

Then I noticed the green aisle of a lane, threading a winding way behind the gardens of unseen houses. Spreading above this lane were branches laden with tremulous pale laburnum, luxuriant lilac, red and white may. Somewhere, not far away, a stream sang its unique song.

I went out into this immaculate world.

The exaltation on finding myself in the May sunshine is indescribable. The incense-breathing earth; the green shade of the lane; lyrics of innumerable birds; a dancing mosaic of shadows—bewitched and bewildered me. Then, having rounded a turn in the ever-winding lane, I saw two girls approaching. They waved as they passed, but I could only stand motionless, staring after them.

For a moment, fear chilled me. Where was I? Who were these girls? They were as remote from ordinary humanity as the cosmic women of a Blake drawing. The freedom of their harmonious figures; the spontaneous grace of their gestures; the totality of their welcome to me created the impression of something wholly—*other*.

I walked on slowly.

Murmuring bees journeyed from laburnum to lilac; from guelder-rose to gala hawthorn. Sometimes, through a gap in lacquered leaves, I had glimpses of brightly-shuttered houses, dream-like gardens, where the loveliest children played and laughed. Butterflies, like winged flowers, hovered overhead, or zig-zagged idly by. In the near distance, a stream sang to a wood.

A sudden turn in the lane brought me to a green circular space in the middle of which was a pond with four self-important ducks. To the right, set back from a sloping velvet lawn, was a blue café with tables on a terrace. Near the entrance, a little girl in white played with a black puppy. On the roof, a solitary pigeon

sunned itself.

Again, the impression of something wholly *other* disturbed me but, almost immediately, the desire to sit at one of the white tables banished everything else.

No sooner was I seated than a girl appeared with the most marvellous fruit drink ever made. I knew perfectly well that any one could see I was a trespasser in these serenities, but she seemed unaware of it. She put the drink on the table, smiled, then walked slowly away, humming a haunting tune.

Some moments later, I noticed two young men. They were quite near me—one lying full-length on the grass, the other sitting by his side. The one lying full-length had the features of a poet; his companion, those of a student.

"Never known any one like you!" the latter exclaimed. "You're always intoxicated with something or other."

"Well, why not? You'd be intoxicated if you did what I've been doing lately."

"What have you been doing?"

"I've made a big discovery. I'll tell you what it is. It's a new way of spending your leisure. It's very simple. This is how it works. Last Monday, I spent all my free time contemplating trees. Nothing else—only trees. Whenever I had an odd moment, I gazed at trees. I watched them in all their moods: motionless boughs at dawn; quivering boughs at noon; dancing boughs in the evening breeze. That was Monday. On Tuesday, I spent my leisure looking at clouds. Simply and only clouds: power-puff clouds, solitary clouds; ivory continents moving majestically across the sky. Then, on Wednesday, I gazed only at the eyes of passers-by. That's how I've spent odd moments lately. You try it."

"What's the effect?"

"When I shut my eyes, on Monday night, I saw trees—trees in unbelievable beauty. Tuesday night—clouds! Voyaging clouds—celestial armadas. Wednesday night—eyes! Eyes, like living jewels."

"You're the craziest person!"

"You try it. You'll be surprised."

They went on talking but I ceased to listen, for I suddenly became aware of a giant sunflower and, eventually, everything ceased to exist but its haloed glory. All the mysteries centred exclusively in this great black disk, fringed with flame. It and I were the universe.

At last, determined to snap a spell which had become overwhelming, I rose, hurried down the velvet lawn, then continued to explore the lane.

Soon, however, for the third time, a realisation of the extraordinary nature of my surroundings possessed me. *Where was I?* Who were these incalculable people? Should I ever return to the familiar world—see again my drab suburban room—hurry every morning along that alley? After all, these represented the Known. I belonged *there*—and I certainly did not belong *here*. Besides, there were other things—

unpleasant things—which I discovered I did not want to lose.

Suddenly, I found I had reached the end of the lane.

Facing me, was a closed gate in a wall which seemed to surround a vast estate. Directly I saw this closed gate, I knew with intuitive certainty that, if it opened and I passed through, I should find unimagined bliss. And yet, simultaneously, hunger for the futilities of my normal existence raged in me.

Then—the gate opened.

A girl stood in the entrance—looking at me.

I remained motionless, torn by opposite desires—one urging me to go to the girl and ask to be allowed to enter; the other goading me to hasten back along the lane, back to my familiar life.

For a timeless period, I stood gazing at her, but, eventually, I turned my head—and looked over my shoulder.

Then such a thrilling voice exclaimed: "Oh, aren't you stupid!"

The gate banged.

And I awoke.

* * *

That is the dream.

For nearly three years I have dreamed it every night without the slightest variation.

But the depression which overwhelmed when I awoke after dreaming it for the first time! The sense of loss—the loneliness—the feeling of futility!

It was a foggy November morning. Meagre light dimly revealed my room at the top of the suburban house. The striped wall-paper, the brown paint work, the dull curtains, the resentful furniture, were such a total contrast to the harmonies of the dream that I felt like a prisoner in the condemned cell.

I dressed hurriedly, descended the steep stairs, then went out into the damp gloom of the dreariest morning imaginable. Fog shrouded everything like a visible curse. Everything had a phantom air: every one seemed a spectre. The ghastly ghost of a day confronted me. The alley was as lugubrious as a pit-shaft. I could not believe that the houses were solid—that living beings inhabited them.

As I passed the eating-house at the end of the alley, I saw in one of the windows a crudely printed notice which announced: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. Imagine believing that anything *new* could happen in such a miserable hole!

On reaching the main street, I had a glimpse of the girl I so often met at this spot but she vanished into the fog, like a shade, and I crossed to the station where a few lights cast a yellow glare on obscurity.

But the depression experienced after dreaming the dream for the first time was negligible compared with the effect of continuing to dream it night after night.

As the weeks and the months passed I became obsessed by it. It was more real to me than waking life. It opened a harmonised world, inhabited by a redeemed humanity.

They were free, joyous, beautiful—and their surroundings reflected that freedom, that joy, that beauty. All my life I had longed for the companionship of such men and women: all my life I had longed for a world like theirs. It is not surprising, therefore, that this dream became precious to me, infinitely precious.

The inevitable result was that the daily round seemed unendurably squalid. I contrasted its grey details with the serenities of the dream, until my room, the alley, the station, the office, became as monotonous as a recurring decimal.

This was especially the case regarding the people whom I met every day. I contrasted their voice with the voice of the woman who sang in my dream. I contrasted the typists with the girls I passed in the green aisle of the lane—I contrasted the girl I met in the main street with the one who opened the gate at the end of the dream. Eventually, therefore, an ever-widening gulf separated my waking life from my visionary life.

Necessarily, therefore, the daily round which claimed me when I woke each morning became more and more repellent. It became so repellent that, finally, I had one desire and one only: I longed for night to come. I longed for the moment when sleep would transport me to a vision of life which was infinitely more precious than actual life.

I told no one about the dream. Not a single soul! Never even hinted at it! No miser ever buried his treasure deeper than I buried mine. I became proud that this dream visited me every night. I felt certain this indicated that I was a remarkable person. Perhaps a genius. I looked down on normal humanity from a great height. I had no share in their hopes; no part in their sorrows. I lived in my visionary world.

Then—quite suddenly—only ten days ago—a new thought came to me. *Perhaps everyone dreamed this dream.* It might not have the same form—it might not come in the same way—but perhaps everyone dreamed a dream of freedom, joy, beauty.

I began to look at passers-by. For months and months I had ignored them, but, now, I began to look at them. How was I to know that each and all did not dream a dream resembling mine? I had told no one about *my* dream. Perhaps they had remained silent about *theirs*.

I felt excited, almost afraid. A great glow quivered in the depths of me—an out-reaching towards all those who were sharing life with me on this sea-girdled planet, under a host of stars. My brothers—my sisters!

And then—only a week ago—something so extraordinary happened that I am half-afraid to think of it.

I had dreamed my dream and woke, as I always did, when the girl with such a thrilling voice had exclaimed: "Oh, aren't you stupid!"

and had banged the gate.

I awoke—to find myself in my so-familiar room with its striped wall-paper and resentful furniture, and, as always, I felt oppressed that the vision had vanished and actuality returned.

While I dressed, I heard a woman on the floor below singing as she dusted the room. It was little more than a noise. Then, suddenly, she sang a note which belonged to the voice of the woman who sang in my dream!

I stood transfixed. It was the same—the *same*. Here, in this ugly room! I was awake—and I had heard a note of the magic song!

I went downstairs, then out into the street.

It was a May morning. I had left the house much earlier than usual so I had no need to hurry.

When I entered the alley, I saw a plume of laburnum on one tree; lilac on another; and, over the wall, a solitary guelder-rose. Nothing very remarkable, if you hurried past—but beautiful beyond belief, if you had time " to stand and stare. "

I walked on slowly.

Evidently everyone was earlier this morning because I saw the two typists coming towards me, talking and laughing. As they passed, I looked closely at them. One had the brow, the other had the lips, of the girls I met in the dream. Only the brow, only the lips.

When I reached the eating-house, I saw that some tables had been placed outside on the broad pavement. Two lorry drivers were sitting at one and I went and sat near them.

A jolly-faced woman appeared and I asked for coffee. When she went, I noticed a barrel in which nasturtiums were growing. One towered above the rest and was therefore isolated.

Then I heard the woman say:

" You're looking at them nasturtiums. I said to my husband: " Must have some flowers, though it's nothing of a place, as you might say, so what shall we have? " He says: ' Nasturtiums. They'll grow anywhere, but you'd better shove 'em in a barrel, or they'll have you out of house and home. ' "

" You've improved this place, anyway. "

" Well, you can't do a lot with it, but that's no reason for not doing what you can. "

Soon after she left me, I heard one of the lorry drivers say:

" I never see such a sky. Never! Ablaze with stars! Millions of 'em! If you shut your eyes, you went on seeing 'em. "

As I was thinking of leaving, I began to gaze at the nasturtium, and went on gazing at it until I saw nothing else. It and I were the universe.

I left the eating-house, then walked slowly on.

No doubt it was entirely my fault that, on reaching the main street, I nearly collided with the girl I so often met at this spot, but it was

she who exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Such a thrilling voice.

* * *

Now, perhaps, you understand why I am excited—almost afraid.

Wherever I go in the everyday world, I find resemblances to the dream. My waking life and my visionary life are no longer separated. A bridge links them.

I do not mean that I do not find squalor in the daily round. Of course there is squalor! Squalor is everything that awaits redemption by the spiritual will.

But I have discovered that no world is more mysterious than this world; that in it are hints, glimpses, prophecies of paradise; that if you open your heart to the earth, it opens its heart to you. And, having discovered this, I do not care whether I continue to dream the dream....

It has been said that each of us comes to the world to learn one thing. Well, I have learned this:—

You can glimpse the eternal anywhere.

Everywhere.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

EDUCATION FOR TOLERANCE

Education is valueless unless informed by the principle of humanity, declares M. F. Ashley Montagu in *School and Society* for April 1, 1944. "For what is the use of facts unless they are humanely understood?" A competence in reading, writing, and arithmetic

> by no means equips the individual to lead the life of an adequate human being or confers upon him the ability to be socially sympathetic to, and individually interested in, other human beings, of whatever country, caste, or colour they may be.

What, he demands,

> do the mass of the people do with their ability to read and write and add up a column of figures?...Who can observe mature individuals enchanted by the fantastic puerilities of the "Funnies" without being convinced that somewhere something is somehow wrong.

Little or no effort is made, Mr. Montagu charges, to supply students with the facts which science makes available regarding race.

> But we do, on the other hand, supply them with the kind of information which provides fertile ground for the development of race prejudices.

He sees the hope for the elimination of race prejudice as lying in education, not so much, however, "in the facts about 'race' as in the processes which lead to the development of a completely integrated human being."

> Race prejudice can ultimately be regarded as merely the effect of a poorly or incompletely developed personality.

The truly humane mind values human differences and variety. Tolerance of other human groups, he writes, is, like all tolerance, "a matter of simple human decency; and decency is an attitude of mind which is, for the most part, culturally produced." The teachers of youth, those "unacknowledged legislators of the world," cannot evade responsibility for the essential spade-work in the task of "making humanity safe for the world."

NEGRO LITERATURE

[**Shri V. M. Inamdar, M.A.,** analyses briefly here the history and achievements of the Negro American's pen. Only perhaps when the need for propaganda is ended by social justice can we expect that Negro literary talent will rise to its full potential height.—ED.]

It appears necessary to explain the title of this article before we proceed to the subject proper. This for one or two important reasons. The term "Negro Literature" may mean either literature about the Negroes or the literature produced by the Negroes themselves. Since the American Negro has been the subject of portrayal in a very large number of works by white authors and since the approach of the white authors, as also their modes of treatment, are distinct from those which the Negro writers adopt when dealing with their own kinsmen in the body of literature they produce about them, the distinction is more than relevant. In general it may be stated that the Negro of the white author's literary creation is a stereotyped product, however much the individual authors might claim insight and observation into Negro life. It may also be observed that the white authors' attitude—with rare and honourable exceptions indeed—has been one which justifies the social exploitation of the Negroes in one way or another. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the American interpretation of the coloured race has almost always been, consciously or unconsciously, governed by the dictates of social policy. Thus in the hands of white authors the Negro has generally been either an idealised victim of racial prejudice or a self-effacing, hard-working domestic slave. He has been delineated as the specimen of either an obsequious and naïve folk or of the exotic primitive, unmoral and flamboyant. He has again been portrayed either as the comic buffoon—beloved, no doubt, but ridiculous—or as the wretched and unhappy freedman longing to relapse into serfdom. Despite, therefore, the claims of white authors to authentic treatment, the picture of the American Negro which they give is generally partial or perverted or one-sided or all three.

It is almost a critical truism that for a true picture of the life of a people we must go to *their* literature, the literature produced by themselves, about themselves and about those whom they know best. If literature is the expression of the fundamental social and spiritual consciousness of a people, the working of the Negro spirit must be studied first-hand. The white author, however honest in his intentions, is after all an observer to whom only the "outside" view is possible. For the inside view we must go to the people themselves who are best fitt-

ed to express and explain the innate aspirations of their race. By Negro literature therefore we mean the literature produced by the coloured writers of America—writers who have mirrored in true colours their sorrows and their sufferings, their hopes and their aspirations.

Before we proceed to an examination—necessarily limited—of the different literary forms which the Negro authors have tackled with distinction, it would be well to notice some general characteristics of Negro writing. Firstly, and contrary to common expectation, the Negro literary tradition extends over more than a century and a half. Secondly, the tendency has been to reject the stereotyped presentation of the Negro character. Thirdly, as may naturally be expected of the literature of a people politically and socially suppressed and exploited, struggle for existence is the dominating theme. And finally, again as is to be expected of a long-suffering people, there is to be perceived a strain of stoical resignation running side by side with the chafing and the inward promptings towards freedom and liberty. While in the field of folklore this last aspect gives to expression an extremely poignant emotional note, in more formalised and popular types of literary expression it brings in a strain of propaganda—sometimes subtle and sometimes militant and aggressive. On the whole it is no derogation to say that the bulk of Negro literature throbs with a purpose that enriches it with pulsating life and that that purpose is the common "racial" cause. Negro literature is meaningless without the psychological background of that purpose, and it is as an expression of the bitter struggle of a people for common human equality in the social fabric of America, for democratic freedom in the world of the future, that Negro literature has chief significance for the outside world.

The 150 years of Negro literary tradition naturally divides itself into two periods. Before the browns were granted freedom, the dominating motive behind Negro writing was invariably the fight against slavery. And after slavery was abolished the centre of emphasis gradually shifted towards an increasingly insistent demand for the rights and responsibilities of citizenship in the democratic life of the country. During slavery the Negroes produced a surprising body of anti-slavery literature. Expression then was not confined to the printed word. The forties and the fifties of the last century abounded in stories of fugitive slaves —sometimes autobiographical—and provided ammunition for the anti-slavery arsenal. The ancestry of the well-known *Uncle Tom's Cabin* includes these fugitive narratives. While a body of literature was being produced in the North under abolitionist sponsorship, the South was busy weaving the folk-songs and the "spirituals," on cotton and tobacco plantations, in field and factory, in "slave rows" and dank rooms. The

Negro folk-song and spiritual, transmuting experience into authentic poetry, tell of long tribulation and persistent faith in the future, symbolic, indirect, but unmistakable. They constitute the finest contribution of the Negro to American literature and the claim has been allowed without question.

But the Negro creative imagination has encompassed all literary forms. Though due to social disabilities his composition ordinarily does not achieve the phenomenal successes on the market which white productions often do, the Negro's has been a voice claiming in recent years more attention than patronising sympathy—a fact which in itself is proof of his literary competence. In the field of the novel as of the short story and biography, in the sphere of poetry as in that of drama, in the realm of the essay as in that of the literature of the day like journalism and open propaganda, the Negro has proved his worth. It would be an interesting experiment to release the composition of a Negro author anonymously and notice the market reaction. What the result would be is proved by the enthusiasm with which the well-known Negro short-story writer's Chesnutt's earlier writings were greeted, though the reasons for their anonymous publication were entirely different. The Negro author has risen against great odds and today can stand shoulder to shoulder with his white brothers.

It is an interesting item of history that the first Negro poet should have been writing even when slaves were still being imported and that the second Negro poet should have been a lady. Jupiter Hammon, a Long Island slave who published his poem in 1760 was the first Negro poet, and Phyllis Wheatley (1753–1784) the second. Both were greatly influenced by the religious movements of their time. Hammon died in 1800 and twenty-nine years later appeared *The Hope of Liberty* by George Horton, who was the first slave poet openly to protest against his status and treatment. From 1840 up to the Civil War anti-slavery propaganda was at its height and the Negro poets used poetry more or less as a vehicle for propaganda. A number of poets sprang to fame, the prominent among whom are Daniel Payne, Charles L. Reason, George B. Vashon, Elymas Payson Rogers, E. W. Harper, James Bell and James Whitfield. In their protest against slavery they wrote with genuine passion though in their anxiety to refute the accusation of intrinsic difference and inferiority they followed their American and English models rather too closely. Yet with scorn and denunciation they demanded democracy. For them poetry had no use except as a hammer that would unshackle their enchained brothers. This remained so until after the Civil War when they turned Negro experience into channels other than anti-slavery argument.

Negro poetry of the Reconstruc-

tion Period and of the closing years of the last century shows interesting developments. The poet was confronted with the false picture of his people presented by his white fellow poets, whose creations were more or less analogues of the contemporary "stage Irishmen" of the English writers about Ireland and the "Babus" of the Anglo-Indian literary tradition. In order to undo this literary mischief the Negro poets followed a twofold course: (1) They denied the stereotype by creating its antithesis and (2) they deepened the delineation of the Negro character by a detailed, careful and sympathetic portrayal. Albery Whitman and Paul Laurence Dunbar represent these two tendencies. While the former in his *Not a Man and Yet a Man* swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme the latter substituted for the pathetic and comic posters intimate and sympathetic portrayals. Dunbar's is a great name in the Negro poetic tradition, not merely for his close insight into Negro life but for his dialect pastoral poetry which earned for him the recognition that he was the first Negro poet "to feel the Negro life æsthetically and express it lyrically." Dunbar had many imitators and his subtle protest against the unjust treatment of his race gradually deepened into bitterness in poets who followed, particularly after the wide-spread disenfranchisement and the increasing violence the Negroes met with during the first decades of this century. W. E. B. DuBois, though not primarily a poet, expresses his burning hatred of racial injustice in such well-known pieces as "A Litany at Atlanta."

To attempt an escape from an unhappy present is but a tendency of human nature and the first decades of the present century showed a class of poets who detached themselves from the hurly-burly of life. The escapist tendency was, however, only a transitional phase as the experiments in fresh ways of approach and expression of poets like James Weldon Johnson prove. The movement from rhetorical defence to genuine lyricism, from conventional dialect to dramatic depiction (evidenced clearly in *God's Trombones*) in the language of the people brought literature and life closer together and made Negro literature the sensitive barometer of Negro social life. With the changes which the first World War produced, Georgia Douglass Johnson and Angelina Grimké showed in their poetry a more vigorous social awareness. In addition to this, the New Poetry movement did much to repudiate the sentimental and the false optimistic note of the earlier generation. Claude McKay in his *Harlem Shadows* (1922), Countee Cullen in his *Colour* (1925) and Langston Hughes and Anna Bontemps in their numerous collections supported the New Negro Movement. All these were the accredited exponents of a poetic renaissance. The genuineness of their passion and the fecund-

ity of their expression, coupled with the versatile technical mastery which each of them displayed, must give these Negro poets an honourable place in the gallery of world's poets. The names of Frank Marshall Davis, Richard Wright, M. B. Tolson and Robert Hayden are mentioned often as bright promises for the future. Radical protest against inhumanity and injustice is the central theme again. Davis's *I Am the American Negro* (1937) and Hayden's *Heart Shape in the Dust* are outstanding poetical publications. Protest has been the key-note throughout, though in the rare folk-songs and the spirituals the immediacies of the painful present are left far behind, reaching out towards what may be called spiritual illumination. Philosophical value apart, the Negro poetic tradition—richer than other forms of his literary expression—affords convincing expression to all what being a Negro in America has meant and still means. The Negro poets need no better warrant or justification.

The Negro achievement in the field of the novel is not less remarkable. The same general features of motive and the same variations of tone and tendency are observable here also. William Wells Brown's *Clotel* published in 1853 was the first Negro novel. It was franker than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the subject of miscegenation in the South. It was followed six years later by Delany's *Blake or The Huts of America*. But it was not till 1892, when Frances Harper's *Iola Leroy or Shadows Uplifted* was published, that the Negro novel started on its triumphant career. The complications due to miscegenation and the suffering which it meant to the victims form the central theme in a very large number of novels which followed until Charles Chesnutt opened the field of social analysis and criticism in such of his best known novels as *The Marrow of Tradition* (1901) and *The Colonel's Dream* (1906). Chesnutt's insight into social realities and his capacity to combine criticism with an interesting narrative were equalled by W. E. B. DuBois, whose trenchant discussion of the many political, economic and educational problems of the South won immediate recognition for his novels like *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* (1911) and *The Dark Princess* (1928). DuBois is an unsparing critic and his mordant attacks are levelled impartially against the American treatment of the Negroes and the Negroes' own weaknesses. James Weldon Johnson's *Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man* (1912) heralded the portrayal of Southern rural life just as Walter White's *Fire in the Flint* is symptomatic of a type of novel that could do without lynching as a dominant feature. Yet the latter depicted ambitious and successful lives leading gradually and indirectly towards a more sympathetic delineation of the Negro middle classes. Miss Fauset's *Comedy, American Style* (1933) is a tragic

story of colour prejudice. Nella Larcen's *Passing* pictures upper-class Negroes while Rudolph Fisher's *The Walls of Jericho*, a pioneer social comedy, provides an intimate, intelligent, but satirical account of Harlem. *The Conjure Man Dies* (1932) is the first Negro detective novel. Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter* is only less remarkable than Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940). Both, most discussed Negro novels, are specimens of social realism. The story of the frustration of the human personality under the pressure of a cramping social environment is here told with great power.

The above brief references to some of the outstanding Negro novels can give us an idea of the scope and the variety which that literary form has achieved. The Negro novel has really proved itself what a novel is expected to be—an exploration of life. The same has to be said about the developments in other branches of literature, such as the short-story, drama, biography and essays. Outstanding, and indeed comparable to the best that other races and literatures have produced, have been the Negro contributions in all these departments.

The story of Negro literature cannot be compressed within the limits of an article. It is too rich for that. If any criticism of Negro literature was to be made at all and that of a general nature, it might be said that the Negro writers generally err on the side of exuberance in expression rather than on the side of restraint. Yet if we would know the sufferings and the struggles of a people aspiring for equality and democracy, we can turn to the story of their literature to feel the throb of life. From the whole body of their writing rises a concerted single cry—the cry for real liberty. India can read many of her own thoughts and inchoate longings there. Literature may be the balm of hurt minds but it can also be the trumpet call to duty and to action. To which category Negro literature belongs need not be stated. Cannot our India's many literatures read a lesson here?

V. M. INAMDAR

MAN AND THE STATE

[We agree with **Mr. J. D. Beresford** in repudiating the termitary as a fit model for human society. But the choice is not necessarily between regimentation superimposed and the glaring maladjustments and injustices of the present "democratic" régime. If assent to the former is a betrayal of the reasoning mind of man, acquiescence in the latter is no less treason to his very soul. The difference is wide between automatism as puppets of the state and the deliberate sacrifice, by mutual consent, of freedom to exploit the weaker members of society. It is not true asceticism but Hatha-Yoga that mortifies the body, as if that ever yet had led to the unfoldment of man's spiritual powers! We need not fear that physical well-being can ever permanently lull to sleep the "divine discontent" implanted in every human breast, that goads man on to mental, moral, spiritual heights.—ED.]

The consideration of what may be the general trend of post-war reconstruction is increasingly occupying the thoughts of the peoples of Great Britain and America as the failing dynamism of the Axis Powers brings the prospect of peace within almost calculable distance; and, in England at least, there is a very noticeable tide of opinion setting against the current of what is generally intended by the idea of Democracy. The vast disorders of the past four years have produced a natural reaction in favour of the ideal of a strictly *managed* world, of international federation and of a national government that is not at the mercy of a majority vote. For more than a generation there has been growing criticism of the unconstructiveness and waste of time characteristic of the Party System which, at times of great emergency, is temporarily put out of action. And it is certainly logical to ask why, if unity is so necessary when the State is in danger, the same principle will not best serve us in the direction of our affairs when we are no longer threatened from without.

The plain answer to that is that although the implementing of a single will would unquestionably benefit the people, that single will is only expressed when there is a vital cause that we all share. Once we are released from the opposition of a common enemy, we shall again be split into the two main parties that represent Capital and Labour, with the mass of the comparatively inert middle-classes in favour of maintaining an individualist society glorified by a long tradition whose watchword has always been "Freedom." For this difficulty, democracy has no solution. All it offers is a recurrent swing from right to left and back again, something gained here for Labour, something done there to buttress the fortress of Capital. The tendency may be towards State Ownership, but the essential problem

is not resolved, nor would be even by a revolution.

Wherefore, with such models before us as those set by the U.S.S.R., Nazi Germany, and Fascist Italy, models of organisation and unification under a control that is not dependent upon the whims and uncertainties of an electorate, the serious sociologist is becoming more and more impressed with the immense advantages offered by some form of Totalitarianism. That may seem a strange result of a war nominally waged in the defence of Democracy, by, in the first instance, Great Britain, France and the U.S.A., but we have had to change many of our most cherished opinions since we entered into an alliance with Russia ; and we may have to change many others when it comes to the resettlement of Europe.

And there is a very weighty psychological argument to be taken into account when we come to a consideration of a collectivist as opposed to an individualist form of government. The most noticeable characteristic of mankind in the mass is its inertia. The average human animal when it thinks at all, thinks indolently, and almost exclusively along the lines made familiar by experience. A man or a woman may be physically active, an excellent worker at a set job, because it is the particular thing that he or she can do, and maybe take a pride in doing ; but it needs an exhausting and uncongenial mental effort to undertake the thinking out of new assumptions. The fear of the unknown thing is an influence that decides the beliefs of most of us. Safety, it seems, is most easily found in the familiar.

An instance of this attitude that is relevant and symptomatic in the present connexion is to be found in religion. The congregations of the Churches rely trustingly on the direction of their priests. They like to be told exactly what they must believe, a sufficient explanation of the fact that among the Christian sects, Roman Catholicism counts the greatest number of adherents. It is so much easier to depend upon a recognised authority than to make any examination of the grounds upon which that authority rests. Submission is more comfortable than revolt, and, in the history of the world, revolution comes only when the effects of submission have become unendurable. Even so, the effort to maintain a new way of life soon proves too great a burden and is followed by a relapse into the old habits of thought. It takes more than a social revolution permanently to disturb the characteristic inertia of the people, and we have had an example of this slow process of reversion at work in the U. S. S. R. during the years that have elapsed since the autumn of 1917. Russian Communism at the present day differs in important particulars from that of Marx and Lenin.

The plain deduction from this well-founded psychological assumption is that the people as a whole

must be told what they are to do, and not consulted. Unless too great a strain is laid upon their concept of right, they will accept the dictation of a leader who knows his own mind and has a steady vision of the kind of society he desires to form. In its inception his policy must not diverge too startlingly from tradition, but in the course of the last half-century the general ideas of collectivism have been so widely preached and practised that they would no longer be regarded as revolutionary in Great Britain. Given a leader with those indicated qualities of confidence and foresight, the British, and possibly later the American, people would follow him as a happy relief from the alternative of attempting the unendurable effort of thinking on unfamiliar lines. There would necessarily be a party that would resist an innovation of this kind, because the members of it would be under the influence of thought habits derived from the democratic tradition. But if the mass of the people were willing to follow the leader, foreseeing the economic benefits that would come to them and glad to undertake those functions under the new régime which they were naturally fitted to perform, the resistant individualist minority would be faced with the alternatives of submission or, in the Russian manner, liquidation.

Let us therefore assume for the moment that by these means a relatively short cut might be found to the establishment of social conditions that would appear Utopian in contrast to the all-too-evident evils and abuses of an individualist, capitalist society; and then go on to enquire what might be the outcome of such a totalitarian government. We must further assume that the principles of this new rule would be adopted by all those nations that have influenced modern civilisation, for we are looking forward, now, to an era of world-wide peace controlled by united powers too compact to be threatened by any invasion of barbarism. And this era we look forward to is to be founded on the concept of justice and equality, its working based on the Fabian formula "to each according to his need, from each according to his ability." And have not various designs for such a society been drawn for us again and again from the Republic of Plato to the Utopias of H. G. Wells? Is it possible that all that lies between us and the attainment of the earthly paradise is the task of imposing a new thought habit upon the peoples of the world? Or does this ideal of an ordered society conflict with some fundamental principle essential to man's development?

We have seen it working in nature. In the hive and still more markedly in the termitary, the insects have achieved the perfect form of a collectivist society. Of the beginnings of that voluntary association we know nothing. The principle was established and in full working order before the dawn of history. But it is at least conceivable that

our world-wide Utopia might be the first step towards the kind of specialised activity one finds among the termites. And if, after a few centuries, the ideal of the State as a unit had superseded individual ambition, would not that mass inertia tend to produce the kind of automaton whose only happiness was to be found in the performance of his particular function? And once that stage reached, it becomes progressively easier to imagine the devolution of mankind, the retrogression towards the perfected insect community, static and self-sufficient.

This is, of course, an absurd forecast of the distant future. There are many reasons why such a determination of humanity is inherently impossible. Nevertheless the principle holds good, namely, that the surrender to habits, mental and physical, leads to automatism. How clearly this is realized as an essential truth is demonstrated by the methods of every school of occult training. The first thing a pupil has to learn is to change his conception of the space-time world, founded on the perceptions of the senses. In the Gourdieff school at Fontainebleau, one means of doing this was practised by various exercises designed to break down the habitual muscular reflexes, and bring the performance of every physical act into consciousness. It is the principle, however imperfectly understood and directed, of ascetism, the denial of ease and satisfaction to the physical organism. Indeed, the way of spiritual progress seems to lie always along the path of denying validity to sense impressions in order to develop the true knowing of the mind. And there is no greater or more difficult task that a man can undertake.

For these reasons, now that the time is so near when we shall have to plan our new society, it may be well to apply a fundamental test by considering how far our plan tends to sacrifice the development of the individual to the purposes of the commonweal. We must ask ourselves whether the ultimate purpose of our Utopia is to found a static, self-sufficient, world-wide collectivist State, in which every man and woman has an appointed task, with no ideal other than the service and maintenance of the community as a whole. It is such an appealing vision to the political idealist, such a satisfying contrast to the horrible disorder, injustice and inequalities of our present individualist, capitalist society, such a lure to the philanthropist and altruist who earnestly desires the greatest happiness for the greatest number! How is it possible for any intelligent, generous-minded man to disagree with a reformer of this kind, more particularly when he so confidently asserts that in those conditions mankind will be free to develop its mental and spiritual qualities, and to rise to continually greater heights in the scale of evolution?

Unfortunately, a study of the few thousand years of history of which

we have any comparatively certain record, aided by the observation of familiar life does not uphold that last assertion. Ease and security do not develop vitality in a nation or in an individual. There are many outstanding exceptions in the case of the individual. Some of the best work of the world in science and philosophy has been done by those who were not driven by economic necessity, or tempted by the desire for wealth. But we have to consider the mass of mankind, and we are confronted with the deduction that whatever the energy and the initiative of the few, the general effect of this ease and security is to deepen the inertia that is our physical inheritance. What inducement would there be for discovery and invention in a perfectly ordered world, except to satisfy a personal curiosity,—a taste that the community would almost certainly discourage? Was it not the exuberance of inventions and discoveries that led mankind into the miseries of world war?

This does not mean that we should cease to think and work for the welfare of mankind, since that is one of the means of our enlightenment. But it does mean that the ideal of Totalitarian government is a false one, using a wrong method to obtain —as a wrong method inevitably must do—wrong ends. All forms of drill and regimentation are directed towards the making of automatons, the development of conditioned reflexes and habits, physical and mental, the enslavement of mankind to fulfil a present purpose strictly confined to material well-being. That cannot happen. It isn't in the scheme of the universe. It is a negation of that law of progress which is ultimately not physical but spiritual. Nevertheless, in this age of ours, in which the machine has been set up as an idol for worship, the idea has taken a strong hold on the minds of many political leaders, who have recognised in that inertia of the people a characteristic that may be used in the building of a world state in which the activity of the individual would be confined to the exercise of one particular function.

What is the alternative? Can we assume that it is not good for man to make the world too comfortable a habitation, a place in which he can be content to live out his span of life without any anxiety for the future? That is only a partial truth. We are compelled by some inspiring urgency to relieve distress, but it is not enough to bring temporary ease and satisfaction to the suffering and oppressed. We have, also, to do whatever in us lies to help everyman escape from that compulsion of habit which will leave him contented with his present state. If mankind is trained to the worship of the wheel, how can he ever hope to escape from it?

J. D. BERESFORD

THE SPRING OF INDIAN ART

[The following essay by **Shrimati G. Sumati Taranath, B.A., L.T.,** is a defence of the lofty æsthetic theory of the ancient East, a tacit challenge to the modern Western art with its appeal primarily to the emotions.—ED.]

The urge of everyone is towards unbroken bliss or *Ānanda* and God as such is conceived as eternal joy—*Sat-Chit-Ānanda, Akhandānanda* and so on.

If *Ānanda* is the instinctive urge of every being, what is it that feels that urge? It is the mind, but for which it would be impossible to sense and record pleasures (*Bhoga*).

In India the Ancients analysed the mind into *Chitta, Mana, Buddhi* and *Ahankāra*. *Chitta* is the repository or home of the first cognates that arise as the result of natural environment and previous *Saṃskāras* (subtle impressions of the past). This then is memory or the retentive faculty of the various cognates that gives rise to our likes and dislikes, which in a more developed form are emotions. *Chitta* therefore is the centre of emotions which on the lower plane leads to gross likes and dislikes; but on the higher plane it expresses itself in a more subtle form as art. It is emotion therefore that is the mother of all arts. *Chitta* being then the originator and the recorder of experiences, the Tantric School gave the name *Chit* to the Cosmic Energy, God or the Divine Mother from which all else evolved.

Mana is the focussing faculty which helps one to convert mere sight into observation and hearing into listening. It is, in other words, the attentive faculty which facilitates the concentration and meditation that are very necessary in the process of realisation of *Ānanda*. And *Ahankāra* is the assertion of one's conviction of Truth.

As already stated, the urge of man is towards *Ānanda* (endless joy) in *Kriyā* (action) and *Pratikriyā* (reaction). And, to attain this end, there must be harmonious development of *Chitta, Mana, Buddhi* and *Ahankāra*—the *Antahkarana Chatushtayā*, as they are called.

Art, therefore, is not merely the perception of external influences; not the gross that is felt by the outer senses alone. Art is that which reveals to the *Antahkarana Chatushtayā* or the Inner Eye that which the great Shankara calls *Samarasa-Spandhana* or Harmony. *Art then cannot be only a reproduction of what is perceived outside in Nature: it is more a reprojection of "That" within.*

Indian art is categorised as *Sādhana-Kalā* and *Siddha-Kalā*. The former has its origin in the desire of the *Bhakta* (devotee) to symbolise certain convictions or ideals of his. A *Sādhaka*—a man incessantly on the onward path—often finds it impossible to concentrate on abstract ideals. He therefore consciously attempts to symbolise those in certain

forms—*Pratīka*, as they are called. But the *Pratīka* itself may be lost sight of and therefore he finds the necessity of further converting it into a grosser form or *Pratimā*. When an image is looked at, therefore, it may at times seem absurd and even unnatural. But one must remember that it is not a mere portrait of anything seen in nature: the image is often the interpretation of the deeper and subtler nature as symbolised in the artist's mind. *Pratimā* is more subjective than objective: a result more of experience than of experiment.

Now passing on to *Siddha-Kalā* or perfected art, it does not consciously set up landmarks for its expression. Unlike *Sādhana-Kalā*, *Siddha-Kalā* is a spontaneous projection and not a laboured production. Here the piece of art is not reasoned but reasonable. It emanates only from the mind of the artist or *Sārvabhauma* who is the master of circumstances and who has transcended the very faculties of the mind, the *Chitta-Mana-Buddhi-Ahankāra*. The *Siddha-Kalā* therefore is characteristic of *Madhumati* (essential wisdom, the expression of which is ever sweet), *Madhu-pratīka* (essential forms that are to serve as explanations for the benefit of devotees and followers) and *Vishoka* (eternal bliss).

Art for the *Sādhaka* is a psychological necessity whereas for the *Siddha* it is only a *Leela* (play), an effulgence from within. In the former the ideal is knowledge, for the *Sādhaka's* own benefit, while in the latter, art is but the expression of the realisation of the inner "I." The *Sādhana-Kalā* is an attempt to lead to the Godhead: the *Siddha-Kalā* is an expression of Godhood. The best arts of India mostly belong to the latter type.

In both of these kinds of art, the motive is similar. The *Sādhana-Kalā* is an attempt to realise God: the *Siddha-Kalā* is to reveal God. Therein is the fountain-head or the spring from which originates all *Kalā* or Art.

G. SUMATI TARANATH

IS PROPAGANDA LEGITIMATE?

Editorial condemnation of propaganda as beneath the dignity of self-respecting national governments appears in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for March 1944. Writing on "Europe and the Moral Law," the Editor denounces propaganda as a sure sign "either of deep-seated weakness...or of arrogant power bent on illegitimate conquest and employing propaganda to conceal this purpose and to bully, wheedle, cajole, deceive the prospective victim into pliancy or submission." Honest news and plain explanatory broadcasts are useful in promoting understanding, whether in time of peace or war. But propaganda undermines prestige.

A good, well-established and legitimate political order can allow the truth about itself to speak for itself. It does not require advertisement. Propaganda—which is but advertising—is unworthy of a great nation. It is an implicit denial of the moral law—truth need not be advertised if it is truth, nor need justice be advertised if justice is done.

LITHUANIAN LEGENDS AND FAIRY-TALES

[**Ernest John Harrison** adds interestingly here to the picture that he gave us in "Lithuania: Land of the Gods" in our August 1943 issue. The mythology of Lithuania echoes world-wide traditions in its fables of giants and metempsychosis and in seeing nature as "made up entirely of living and animate forces." Many a *fabulous* statement contains fact and truth, however veiled in allegory or overgrown with popular fancy.—ED.]

In a previous article I tried to give readers of THE ARYAN PATH some idea of the religious beliefs of the early Lithuanians, including a necessarily brief and an incomplete review of Lithuanian mythology, and in passing an attempt was made to trace an analogy between the Lithuanian and the Indian traditions. It was suggested that evidence of spiritual and ideological affinities could be found in the resemblance which the Lithuanian language of today bears to the ancient Sanskrit. The purpose of the present article is less ambitious; it is to reveal other phases of Lithuanian character through the medium of popular legends and fairy-tales of which, too, there is no dearth in Lithuania. And again, the space at my disposal will permit of only a superficial handling of a subject which, for anything like exhaustive presentation, would require a volume to itself.

In my earlier article I spoke about the King of the Lithuanian Olympus, Perkunas, God of Thunder, and of the distinctiveness of the Lithuanian myths of the Sun and Moon, in which the Sun is feminine and the spouse of the Moon, which is always masculine. But according to another very old conception, the entire heaven with its constellations is incarnated in the person of a single divinity, Karaluné, the Goddess of Light, represented as a beautiful virgin whose head is adorned with a sun. She wears a mantle sprinkled with stars and closed at the shoulders with a moon. Her smile is the dawn. When it rains whilst the sun shines, Karaluné weeps. The palace of the Sun is in the East, in that country whither the souls of the virtuous return to enjoy eternal felicity. Auśriné, star of morning, and Vakariné, star of evening, ignite the fires of the sun, carry water to the Goddess for her bath and prepare her bed. There was also a god named Vejopatis, or Lord of the Wind. This god appears in the *Rig-Veda*, under the name of Vayu, presumed to be etymologically related to the Lithuanian Véjas, wind, and to the Greek Aiolos or Eole. There was among the denizens of the Lithuanian Pantheon an Audras, God of the Storm and Tempest (*audras* means tempest in Lithuanian) and a Bangpūtis, God of the Waves (*banga* means wave and *pūtis* to blow). It is worthy of note, as

exemplifying the veneration in which all natural phenomena were held by the ancient Lithuanians, that the many other divinities who represented and protected the activity of man were subordinated to the gods of nature. Thus it came about that Lithuanian mythology is characterized by so distinctive an animism which nowhere among other primitive mythologies is so universal and sustained as among the Lithuanians who closely attach religious symbolism to mythical personification. If, as they imagined, nature was made up entirely of living and animate forces, each inert material object was but an envelope for a hidden life and even sometimes the sign of punishment. For example, the little flints which are present in sand were regarded as the breasts of Laumé, a malicious spirit punished by the deity for her amours with a handsome young man. The rainbow was merely the belt of this same Laumé (*Laumés juosta*). This tendency to allegory was so powerful that it is difficult, when studying Lithuanian mythology, to distinguish that which belongs to symbolism from that which relates to personification.

The ancient Lithuanians believed in good and evil spirits. One of the latter category, named Giltiné, was the cause of death in which we should not see a natural or necessary phenomenon. Another named Aitvaras, represented in the form of a flying serpent, bore riches to those whom it favoured, since everybody knows that wealth is not always the fruit of a laborious and an economical life. The devil, known under various forms (*velnius, kipšas*, etc.) was incessantly pursued by Perkunas, who tried to overtake him in order to strike him with a thunderbolt. Naturally the Lithuanian did not neglect the cult of the dead. Says Mickiewicz: "The cult of the dead is common to the Lithuanians as to other peoples of antiquity, but nowhere has it remained more deeply rooted and so pure as in this race."

It has been more than once observed that the Lithuanians are particularly sensitive to telepathic phenomena. Perhaps, as Šalkauskis, a Lithuanian authority, opines, this may be accounted for by their fidelity to ancestor worship. Their popular literature is rich in tales of the life led by souls after death (in Lithuanian "vélé" means a spirit, a ghostly being, a spectre, etc.) The idea of metempsychosis was not foreign to the ancient Lithuanians. According to this belief, the souls of the best developed passed into heaven by the Milky Way, and the seat of those privileged beings was located amongst the stars north of the Milky Way. When a man was born a new star always appeared on the horizon. The stars of children or of men who would not live long were very small and lasted only a few years in the sky. The stars of men who died a violent death were the shooting stars, whilst the fixed stars were attached to the destinies of gods and heroes.

Legends of giants are as common in Lithuania as they are among all Indo-European peoples. These gigantic forms, which many scholars have declared are the arbitrary creation of the popular imagination, will not seem surprising when we realize that according to their original signification, they give meaning to the irresistible strength of physical nature. In the Lithuanian legend of Water and Wind, these are giants who devastate the earth. The peasant often believes that there actually was an epoch when giants of incredible strength and amazing size fought on the earth. "Today," say the peasants, "the earth is not as it was formerly; a curse hangs over it. Today the trees do not grow so high and the stones are almost without life. But formerly rye grew as high as the vine. In olden times men were of greater stature, the trees extremely strong, and they bore such fruit as one can hardly describe. But afterwards all people became smaller and weaker from year to year, and we shall yet come to such a pass that men will be transformed into dwarfs and half a dozen will be required to lift a single straw."

As a prelude to the following remarks on death and disposal of the dead, it should be stated that according to archæological evidence, although both earth burial and cremation were practised by the ancient Lithuanians, earth burial would seem to be of later date than cremation, which in hoary antiquity was apparently regarded as alone pleasing to the gods.

Good men, immediately after burial or cremation, proceeded direct to heaven, but the souls of evil men, and of those who died prematurely, entered into animals or trees, lakes and rivers, where they suffered eternal privation and hunger. If, however, the gods were so to decree, any particular soul might temporarily quit its *post mortem* body, appear to relatives or strangers, and leave on the threshold or in the doorway some article buried or burnt with it, as a sign whereby the soul's identity could be established. Then the soothsayers and augurs could ascertain from the soul what it required for its salvation. But the souls of the godless, murderers and other evil-doers, went to hell, where they were subjected to ceaseless torments in expiation of their earthly misdeeds.

The ancient Lithuanians attached the utmost importance to minute observance of funeral rites, for it was believed that negligence in this regard would inevitably provoke the vengeance not only of the gods but also of the disembodied spirit of the deceased, which might damage the offender's crops, cattle and other possessions, besides terrifying him at night with loud wailing and lamentation and other unearthly noises. The soul of an uninterred person could suffer from hunger and thirst like the living, and in order to placate an angry spirit and to minister to its material needs it

was the custom of the deceased's relatives, at the beginning of a meal, to scatter the first morsels of food and to sprinkle drink upon the ground.

Even for the good the way to heaven was far from easy. To reach the desired goal the soul had to scale a lofty and forbidding mountain, and so, to facilitate this arduous task, when burning a corpse the mourners were wont to cast into the flames the claws of a fox or a lynx, and often before death the dying person would allow his nails to grow so that after his demise he could more easily cling with hands and feet to the rocks and crags obstructing his painful ascent! Nor was this all. At the foot of the mountain reclined a frightful monster which with a swish of its gigantic tail would sweep the wrong-doer into oblivion like autumn leaves before a hurricane. It was far more difficult for the souls of the rich than for those of the poor and needy to climb this mountain. On the summit amid the clouds dwelt the supreme deity Perkunas, who granted eternal rest and bliss to the deserving, but condemned the bad to eternal punishment.

Countless legends and folk stories have gathered around the popular belief that every year a single fern blooms and that untold wealth and knowledge await the lucky mortal who finds this flower on St. John's Eve. The following are characteristic. A certain youth grew ferns in his garden and every St. John's Eve used to watch for them to bloom, but never succeeded because the devil was always too quick for him and would seize and carry off the flower before him. Then an old woman advised him to spread a white cloth in front of the fern-bed, set a lighted candle upon it, and fix his gaze unflinchingly upon the ferns and nowhere else until they flowered. On the following St. John's Eve the youth obeyed these injunctions and took up his lonely vigil. Soon all sorts of hobgoblins and apparitions began to torment him. At one time a spectral hound with bared fangs would snarl at him; then serpents and lizards in a writhing mass would suddenly appear; or a gigantic bear would menace him. But the youth, remembering the old woman's counsel, never removed his eyes from the fern-bed, and the spectral forms, seeing that he was not afraid of them, vanished. And then he noticed a huge black cat which, emerging from the garret of his cottage, crept along the tiles and leapt straight on to the pot in which the candle was inserted. The youth could not restrain himself and waving his hand at the cat tried to frighten it off. Simultaneously the ferns blossomed, a flower rolled on to the extended cloth, and an owl, darting forward, seized it and bore it off. An outburst of fiendish laughter seemed to assail the ill-starred youth from all sides, and he was again left without the fern flower.

A man was making his way through a wood at midnight on St.

John's Eve. He was wearing bast shoes. In due course he reached a bed of ferns and as he was wading through it a fern blossomed, broke away from its stem and, unknown to the pedestrian, became entangled in his shoe-laces. In a flash he knew everything—what was happening at that moment in the world and what his folk at home were doing. The vast mineral riches hidden in the bowels of the earth were revealed to him. As he pursued his journey he grew weary, and sitting down to rest removed his shoes. As he did so the fern flower which had caught in one of his laces fell to the ground, and instantaneously his short-lived wisdom melted away as swiftly as it had come to him.

The distinguished Lithuanian writer Krévé-Mickevicius has effectively embodied many of these popular beliefs in his long dramatic poem *Śarunas, Duke of the Land of Song*, picturing early medieval Lithuania. In the prologue to this work, one of the characters, a stripling named Kazys, tells how one St. John's Eve his grandfather had set out from Geloviné, after inspecting his boat-nets. The season was just after the change of the moon, and dusk had fallen. Suddenly on the roadside he saw a large iron chest full of gold. The lid was open and attached to an alder tree, and on top lay coiled a small black dog. But the old man was no fool and knew better than to thrust his hand into the chest. Instead he used an oar he was carrying, when down came the heavy lid with a crash and cut off the blade of the oar. And then the lid rose again as before. The old man repeated the experiment with the same result. Enraged at this he verbally consigned the chest and its contents to perdition, whereupon the black dog yelped, even the chest howled dismally and was borne away as though by a whirlwind over the neighbouring Balynas hill, where it disappeared. Diabolical laughter resounded on all sides, and half-dead with terror the old man ran all the way home.

Another character, Petras, tells the legend of Śarunas. Śarunas is described as a ruler with what we today might call totalitarian tendencies. He wanted to conquer the earth. But as he and his people were pagans, God saw that if they subdued the world not a single church would remain. He therefore visited upon them a plague which eventually wiped out the entire population. That is one reason, we are told, why so many human skulls are found today in the funeral mounds or barrows so numerous in Lithuania! When the people began to sicken Śarunas ordered guns to be discharged at the sky, but the projectiles fell short. Then an old man supposed to be very wise told the king about one hill so lofty that it supported the regions below the heavens, whereupon Śarunas prepared to have his cannon dragged to the summit so that he could fire at God. But his mother and wife tried to persuade him to be baptised

instead of warring on God. This good advice so infuriated the monarch that he slew both his mother and his wife. When dying his mother cursed him so that he did not perish like the rest, but was turned into stone and condemned to sit in his palace in the centre of a hill until the crack of doom. Another version has it that on the eve of the world's end Śarunas and his people will rise again, conquer the earth and massacre the Christians. On St. John's Eve curious listeners have heard him groaning and asking when he will be able to sally forth. Already he has recovered the use of the upper part of his body, and only his legs are still petrified. For our own sake let us hope he will never entirely regain his powers of locomotion!

Lithuanian folklore associates a legendary King of Zemaitija (Samogitia) with the golden age of Lithuania. The palace or castle in which this ruler dwelt was built of iron and hung in the air. Another castle was situated in a marsh, and could be approached only by a leather bridge. When the king walked or rode over the bridge, it would roll itself up behind him. He also possessed a boat which navigated itself, and a chariot drawn by winged steeds or, alternatively, a double-headed eagle. During his reign every farmer could kill a fowl or a sheep and roast it for food on holidays. The king's end came after all his knights had fallen round him in battle. As he heard the enemy approaching he stamped his foot upon the floor and the castle sank into the earth. In a hill at Kretinga there are said to be a giant and a smith. The smith forges swords from steel. When a sword is ready he hands it to the giant, who tests its strength. Hitherto this giant has broken every sword made by the smith. But when the smith can forge a weapon which the giant cannot break, then the King of Zemaitija will return to rule over the country.

From a veritable plethora of folk fairy-tales I have chosen "Eglé, Queen of the Serpents" (*Eglé zalciu karalienė*) as perhaps most fancifully illustrating the Lithuanian love of personification. Exigencies of space have, of course, rendered drastic condensation unavoidable.

Once upon a time there was an old couple who had twelve sons and three daughters, the youngest and most beautiful of whom was named Eglé (Fir). One summer evening the three sisters went down to the sea to bathe, and when they emerged Eglé found a large snake coiled on the sleeve of her chemise. The eldest sister seized a stick and was about to drive the snake away when it raised its head and in a human voice said: "Eglé, promise to marry me and I will go away of my own accord." This request greatly distressed Eglé. How could she ever marry a snake? But the snake insisted and in the end Eglé was obliged to give her promise whereupon the snake uncoiled itself and

crawled swiftly away. Three days later a whole regiment of snakes invaded the farm-yard and from their ranks the so-called match-makers (*pirśliai*) were delegated to enter the house and clinch matters with Eglé's parents. At first they resisted and even tried to foist the other two daughters upon the match-makers, but in vain, and finally Eglé, weeping bitterly, left her home with her reptile escort. On arrival at the beach they were met by a handsome young man who informed Eglé that he was none other than the snake which she had found coiled on the sleeve of her chemise. Then the entire party repaired to a near-by island and from there descended underground beneath the sea to the domain of the serpents, of whom the handsome young man was king. Here in a magnificent palace their marriage took place amid prolonged festivities. Gradually Eglé grew reconciled to her new life and almost forgot her parents, brothers and sisters. She bore her consort three sons named respectively Azuolas (Oak), Uosis (Ash) and Berzas (Birch), and one daughter named Drebulé (Aspen). One day at the end of nine years the oldest son Azuolas questioned his mother about her parents, brothers and sisters, and then she again remembered them, and was seized with the desire to see them all once more. The King of the Serpents for some time resisted her pleadings and made his consent conditional upon her discharging certain tasks which he hoped would prove impossible but which, thanks to the advice of an old wise woman, she succeeded in performing. At last he consented and himself escorted Eglé and her children to the seashore. Before parting from them he enjoined on them that on no account must their visit last longer than nine days. "When you return," said he, "come with the children only to the shore and there summon me with these words:—

'Zilvine, Zilvine!
If thou art alive, milk foam.
If thou art dead, blood foam.'

"Then if you see milk foam approaching the shore on the waves you will know I am still living, but if blood foam, that I have met my end. And you, children, I forbid you to let anybody know how to summon me."

Eglé's parents, brothers and sisters were overjoyed to see her, and the neighbours too flocked to the farm-house to hear the wonderful story of her good fortune, so that the days simply flew by and it was almost time for her to return. Meanwhile, however, her brothers, sisters and parents had been secretly discussing how to prevent her return, and for that purpose the brothers decided to try to ascertain from the children how her husband was to be summoned, so that they could call him first and despatch him with their scythes. The three sons bravely denied all knowledge, in spite of threats and beatings, but the youngest child Drebulé broke down when a

birch-rod was produced, and betrayed her mother's secret. The brothers forthwith proceeded to the beach, summoned the unsuspecting Serpent King, and cut him to pieces with their scythes. On the ninth day, as arranged, Eglé in her turn went to the beach with her children and called her husband with the stipulated formula, when to her horror blood foam appeared on the surface of the sea and her husband's voice proceeding from it in mournful tones told her: "Thy twelve brothers cut me to pieces with their scythes, and Drebulé, our best-beloved daughter, betrayed to them my invocation!"

Eglé shed bitter tears and then, turning to her children, chanted:—

"Be thou transformed into an aspen!
May'st thou tremble day and night!
Let the rain drench thy face!
Let the wind visit thy head!
You, my sons, stand like strong trees!
I, your mother, shall remain a fir!"

And as she spoke, so it happened: the oak, the ash and the birch are the strongest of all Lithuanian trees, and the aspen today, blown by the slightest breeze, at once begins to tremble.

Lithuania is, *par excellence*, the land of amber, small particles of which can be found mingled with the sand on the shores of the Baltic. Scorning the scientific explanation of the formation down the ages of this highly-prized substance, for which Lithuania was famous even in the days of Tacitus, legend ascribes its origin to the action of Perkunas, the God of Thunder, who, wroth with the beautiful sea goddess Juraité for having so far demeaned herself as to fall in love with a mortal, the handsome young fisherman Kastytis, slew the latter with his thunderbolts at the moment when the lovers were embracing, and simultaneously shattered into a myriad pieces Juraité's amber palace in the ocean depths, so that the fragments were scattered far and wide over the Baltic shores. The famous Lithuanian national poet Maironis has made this legend the theme of a well-known poem.

E. J. Harrison

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

KALIDASA'S "SAKUNTALA"

The story of Śakuntalā is taken by Kalidasa from an episode in the *Mahābhārata*. The poet develops its possibilities and transmutes the theme by building up its meaning-structure so as to make it the vehicle of a vision of life. The courtship which led on to the Gāndharva marriage is elaborated; the repudiation of the lady is explained differently; and the nature and circumstances of the reunion are interpreted on a different plane. The Curse *motif* with the Ring episode makes the difference vital.

The seven Acts of the play would really be five if we could take the first three as one composite First Act. To the poet the marriage is not the close of the love episode; rather is it the beginning. Its consequences are studied over a period of years in worlds far removed from the field of its first impulsation, under totally different conditions. This marriage, between two persons who belong to different stations in life, and concluded secretly, works like destiny through sorrow, frustration, humiliation and despair; but fortunately to a happy end.

The structure of the play is simple and it has a smooth continuous development. Every odd Act shows meeting between the principal characters; the even Acts prepare for it, showing separation and yearning. A significant aspect is the background-structure, one of nature and life on at least three planes of existence, each seemingly self-sufficient, with a special colour-character and behaviour mode and special laws of evaluation and judgement; each succeeding stage records a progression and the three together present a coherent view of an aspect of life.

To make this clearer: the first three Acts are set in the hermitage of Kaṇva Kāśyapa. The Fourth is still set there but is a consequential, a transitional Act; the Fifth is in an audience hall in the King's palace. The sixth is worked out in heaven, at and about another hermitage. If life in the Kaṇvāśram is a delighful idyl, the hermitage at the other end of the play is one of deep and austere grandeur; a *tapas-siddhi-sthānam* (place where penance attains fruition). If the atmosphere in the earlier scenes is one of youth and freedom and that of the court, one of Law and Duty, the atmosphere here is of fruition and fulfilment. A Śārṅgarava shows up only in the Fourth Act in the fears of an Anasuya, and his shrill, disapproving tone is not heard till the Fifth Act is well on.

Life in these two hermitages is, again, contrasted with life in the capital city and in the palace of an earthly king. Behind and around all this throughout is the presence of Nature in closest sympathy, helpful, suggesting hope and creating an atmosphere proper for each stage. Childhood, youth and age; maidenhood, marriage and motherhood; freedom, law and justice; flower, fertilisation and fruit; dream, fact and wisdom; individual, society and Dharma and other trinities of like

order and value are held up for contemplation.

The caddish, cowardly conduct of the King in the epic must have puzzled Kalidasa. He tries in this play to offer his explanation. A king of the Lunar race and one, moreover, called a Dharmātmā even in the *Mahābhārata*, could not have so lightly forgotten and so ill-treated a lady of Śakuntalā's quality. So Kalidasa invents a curse to broad-base the events on plausibility. What does the King lose if he accepts her and where is the difficulty in doing so ? There are two others in his palace already. Her beauty is exceptional and he can have her for the taking. But a real dilemma has arisen in his mind: he will be a *Daratyāgi* (a deserter of his wife) on the one alternative, or a *Parastrī-sparśa Pāmsulah* (one polluted by the touch of another lady), on the other. How accept as his own one quick with child when he does not remember any relationship with her ? He is tireless in the performance of duty, loves his subjects like a parent and would stretch a law to their benefit always. He is considerate to his women even when he has ceased to care for them; he never fails to behave as is proper to his station, or to place, time and need. A sage like the great Kaṇva has sent the young lady to him and hermits the very embodiment of truthfulness, bring her to hand over. She looks the picture of innocence. Every circumstance which could prompt acceptance is, therefore, present. Yet with all these, one fact must not be overlooked; he is not a *Kāmi* (one given to love), he is a *Vaśin* (one who is self-controlled). Nothing less than a curse could have worked such havoc. But neither Śakuntalā nor Duṣyanta knows of the curse, which makes the dramatic and emotional situation tense and destiny look hard.

The circumstances leading to the curse and its terms are however, known to us. The poet grounds it in character and situation and in a default of duty. Durvāsa is only the occasion, and a likely one, judging by his history and his temper. Any one else would do. If Fate is at work, it is best to link it intimately with the character of the persons involved rather than present it as an adventitious, external force juggling with human fortunes to suit some unknown predetermined end. So the curse is central to the structure of events and becomes the complicating factor and an instrument of *catharsis* and final redemption.

In the short run, it causes grave hurt and heartache. Part of the way in which a factor like that works is to surround the persons with ignorance; part to prevent that ignorance from lifting before the process fully works itself out. That is why Śakuntalā's friends decide not to tell her the details of the impending danger; why the Riṣi is kept out of the Āśram; why the Viduṣaka (jester) is technically impounded by the words spoken to him at the end of the Second Act; why the signet–ring cannot be sent to the King in advance by the anxious Anasuya and why the ring itself could not be produced as evidence in the court. How could the lady be so forgetful of herself and of the very symbol and evidence of her relationship with the King as to lose the ring and be unconscious of having done so ? Unless she suffers through love, this dross in her make–up will not be burned up or she be ripe in worth. And if she must

suffer through love so must Duṣyanta. The King's light-heartedness and conceit have to be cured to make him a fit husband for Śakuntalā. Possibly the shadow of the epic King was still on the poet's page; for it must not be forgotten that the curse is invented to redeem him.

Born from a breach of vow and Dharma, Śakuntalā is a natural child, half Kṣatriya, half Nymph—daughter to a celestial seductress. Such birth has been her bane. It is perhaps because of this that Kaṇva has imposed on her extra austerity, though she is the apple of his eye and the life of the Āśram. But if her birth has exposed her to temptation by making her the frailest in the Āśram against love and the first to succumb to the glamour of the world, her being daughter of Viśvāmitra and her training in the Āśram will yet have given her enough strength of soul to redeem herself.

The Fifth Act opens with the curse fully operative and with ignorance enveloping the principals. The action drives forward and Śakuntalā is about to be thrown on the hospitality of a priest. Is it to live in the care of a *Purohit* that all her aspiration has tended, that all the love and beauty and prayer of the earlier Acts have been building? Her helplessness is complete. She has come away from her foster-parent, from her friends and from the old *milieu*, which now could no more rest her or be happy to sustain her if she went back. She is even peremptorily stayed from returning to it. Here her husband will not have her. Branded as a wanton she is unable to offer proof of her *bona fides*. She is betrayed and desolate. The epic Śakuntalā in a similar plight had cried out *"Asākshinī Mandabhāgā Gamiṣyāmi yathāgatam"* (Unfortunate and uncorroborated as I am, I shall go back as I came.) Śakuntalā here is as broken-hearted; but her cry, *"Bhagavati Vasudhe Dêhi mê Vivaram"* (Divine Earth, open to me!) is like that of Sīta in the Uttarakaṇḍa of the *Rāmāyana*. When the earth fails to open, the world has no justice to extend, the highest court in the realm dismisses her petition with but a law it can administer and a duty to enforce—who shall succour her? None on earth; only Heaven, if it can and will. Kalidasa shows it as willing; for it alights to the rescue; comes gently down as a mother-spirit to raise, to save, to offer asylum till the time be ripe for reunion. If the earth cannot be more just, it is the business of the vigilant Heaven, administrator of the moral order, to see justice done.[1]

From the life of the hermitage to the life in the palace and from there to heaven wends Śakuntalā's passage. The Kaṇvāśram is like an island, shut off from the rest of the world, living in peace and harmony with the life of nature and of all those spirits that dwell therein. Everything is friendly and affectionate. All is beauty, laughter and wit and golden sunshine; free, frank and guileless; ignorant of pain. It is a state of pupillage for young persons who learn to love and live and practise the discipline needed for worldly or religious duties. Kaṇva is a Kulapati, a sort of Vice-Chancellor of a

[1] An appeal seems to lie in all cases to heaven. So long as individuals keep to their Dharma the Gods will see to it that they are saved. This seems to be the final implication of the play and, incidentally, of much Indian thought, however unconvincing it may sound to modern ears.

University. If anything hurtful should come into the hermitage, it could only come from the outside world—from the world of men, from Gods, from Rākṣasas, from outside Riṣis or from beasts external to it. It prepares its young people for serious living.

But how these will actually fare will be their responsibility. Youth, flower and beauty are never the consummation of life. A harder core of being than is bred here—trained to survive the shocks of circumstance—is needed for success there. The earth is harder, crasser and is less beautiful, gentle and sensitive than the dreams in which life passes in this Āśram. Beauty, innocence, trustfulness and righteousness bred as in a nursery cannot safeguard one against the world.

Śakuntalā is made to pay the penalty for trusting too readily, too carelessly, prompted only by the unrestrained impulsion of her heart. Reason has not steadied her. Duty does not keep her watchful. Wisdom does not guide her. The Āśram life is much too good, much too unreal for the world's tasks and needs. In itself it is helpless. A King who is no part of its internal life has to protect it. The deer, the physical integrity of the Āśram, the inmates, men and women, the Riṣis and their sacrifices to the Gods, their studies, all need his protecting arm. This gives him a prestige and a function here. Its life is incomplete and defenceless without him.

If the Fifth Act presents the earth and the secular order, with a court of its highest justice deciding on conduct, it does so unimpeachably. That the curse of Durvāsa has blacked out the King's memory on one point is the only limitation upon his and its justice. For the King bears grave accusations patiently; he gives every chance to prove the case against him. Without the curse the harshness of the Fifth Act would not be. As it stands, alternative judgment or behaviour seems impossible. And if the Fourth Act is lyrically one of the loveliest in literature, the Fifth is great drama. It shows the world's ways *in excelsis*, in both strength and weakness. The common reaction to Śakuntalā is summed up, strangely by Śārṅgarava, the leader of Śakuntalā's party. But in the King's decision the world and the husband-cum-King-cum-judge all find against her at one stroke. It is a pity that he who is a party to the case is also judge; but the hearing is in no way prejudiced by that; for the King does not once forget that he is judge.

This is a triumph of Law, social and secular. But is this the last word? If our vision be limited, it is. If, however, one looks deeper, it is not; for, in Kalidasa's vision of values heaven completes the processes of earth. The Āśram looks for aid to the King, and both alike are subject to the will of heaven. The King is Indra's friend quite as much as he is a doughty warrior of proved virtue as a ruler. One of the parties is innocent; the lady is a daughter to the Gods. Both are ignorant. And disproportionate suffering will be inflicted on both if the grace of heaven does not descend to relieve distress and clear the situation.

The moral order which functions in human life, linking up events, measuring conduct and motive, standing for judgment and obligation, desirous of holding the balance even, is also the instrument of heavenly justice. Is the aid of such Gods then real? Yes, says

the play. Is all this symbolic? May be. It is, at least, poetic vision; and, in poetry, there is no higher validity. From the beginning earth and heaven are inextricably linked up, involved in each other's existence. From the moment of sending Mênakā down to ruin the tapas of Viśvāmitra the Gods have involved themselves in the fortunes of their issue; to wit, with the basic premises of the play. If evil befalls Śakuntalā for no more than a trivial failing she should not be let die broken-hearted. So the Gods appoint her mother to go down to earth, this time to aid her own child. She who did their behest then for their ends this time will do it for a dearer sake.[1] Fate, human life, the life of bird, beast and flower, of disembodied spirits and celestial tapasvins, earth's kings, and social conventions, gods and the parents of gods, the moral order itself—all are involved as part and parcel in one pattern of meaning; in interrelation; in helpful, intelligent functioning. That seems to me the drift of Kalidasa's message.

With the translation of Śakuntalā to heaven all future action prepares there. Protection and reinstalment are now heaven's work. This world comes under watch. An observer, Sānumati, comes down from the Gods' Kingdom. She is present to look on, to assess and to report, while the end of the Sixth Act, Mātali is sent down to fetch the King for a service to the Gods—virtually to the region where alone Duṣyanta can meet his discarded wife. Some six to eight years have elapsed since the events of the Fifth Act. Once the ring is discovered, the King remembers. He is mad with remorse. The picture of slighted virtue with its piteous accusing eyes haunts to torment him night and day. Nothing pleases or can compensate. Nothing consoles him who feels he has been cruel, unjust, unloving. The tasks of kingship do not interest him, though he attends to them as duty.[2]

Sānumati looks on pleased at all this sorrow, poor Śakuntalā can now look forward to happiness and the plan of the Gods will be successful for the mind and heart of the King are prepared to receive with due appreciation a gift of the Gods. She is not there as an official representative, but as a private intelligencer on her own account for Śakuntalā's sake and in behalf of a loved friend, Śakuntalā's mother. To give the King tidings of plans being made in heaven for bringing the couple together or to set his doubts at rest or to speak to him comfort or of his fatherhood, is not her task. The time for that is not yet. The Gods will do it when they will and in their way. Indra's official message to the King does that before the Act is over. Meanwhile the King has to be roused from the listlessness into which he has sunk. He has to be roused to a sense of his duties as protector of men and a warrior friend of the Gods. Śakuntalā and love should at best be half his kingly occupation. Personal grief has no business to keep him mooning when kingly duty and divine service call.

It is noteworthy that Act VII begins

[1] Indeed, the silent presence of Mênaka in more than one Act of the play, by implication, by reference, by description and by actual advent is a richly felt reality and is part of the major graces which crowd the play as background and as factors.

[2] Simultaneously with the awakening of this love there is a timid celebration by the garden maids of the advent of spring, which is tell-tale, if not symbolic.

after service has been rendered to the Gods and after the King has been publicly rewarded by Indra—in a way to make Indra's son Jayanta envious. What is important here is the condition of Duṣyanta's mind. He is worthy now of the highest rewards. For the spirit in which he renders service and the way he reacts to the honours—though his is the benefaction—shows humility. His heart is nursing another hope. But dares not ask for its fulfilment. That is why it is given him. All the gay confidence which made him think so highly of his deserts in Act I, when he was ready to greet fortune through every gate, is now shed; the hauteur of the Fifth Act is spent. When an omen flashes indication of good luck, he is shy in trusting it. It is not Mātali who suggests the visit to the heavenly parents. The King himself wishes to offer obeiṣance to them before returning to his kingdom and his duties.

It is when he is waiting to interview such elders in felicity that the poet brings father and child together and, through that son, the son's father and mother. What a picture she presents here! We have had many close-up views not only of her face, but of all the stages in the evolution of her fortune as maid, sweetheart and wife and now as mother:

Vasanê Paridhūsarê Vasānā
Niyamakṣāmamukhī dhṛtaikavênī

(Wearing dusky garments, with her face emaciated by vows (and) her hair in a single braid).

Another point in the constructing of the play is the way the poet indicates that the Kṣatriya family does not belong in heaven. If in the First Act it is Śakuntalā who shows signs of an excitement unworthy of the Āśram,[1] indication that she will soon cease to belong there, it is now her restless, irrepressible little son, who disturbs the serenity and peace of this heavenly Āśram where everything is chaste, sedate, dignified; where a child's shout or romping is disturbance and the least desire an irreverence. He must leave the place and get back to the earth to indulge his Kṣatriya sports and impulses.

The wheel has come one full circle and recorded progress. The Gods have been kind and have wound a fate back to cheer and happiness. The hero and the heroine have paid through suffering. Only thus cleansed and steadied can love have full meaning and not be a disturbing factor in life. Attraction, excitement, the keen-edged joys of union and the pangs of separation, love and marriage, urgencies of the blood and instinct are no sanction or proof of enduring loyalty or such as the Gods may approve. They can fulfil themselves only through self-government and performance of duty. Nothing secret, light or merely romantic can lead to good. When social duties are forgotten or neglected, even through ignorance or love's tender preoccupation, it offends the moral order which then assumes the rôle of Durvāsa. What have the world and the Gods to do with private considerations? Love and marriage have a social bearing, imply responsibilities and lead to consequences. More, Dharma and the human personality can develop only within such a context. The very highest persons, therefore, must learn to conform and not to strive against the Law.

[1] Hers as maid and of the hermitage.

Should the Ṛiṣi not be kind? Is the secular order kind? Has it heart or ruth? Is the world of social obligation tender in its impact on the personal life? Such kindness is the domain of the Gods, to whom it is reserved to look into motive. They are the only agencies who can so measure and help. The laws of the world cannot be of more assistance. The heavens must and will if they are vital in the ordering of life. They will, however, make sure first that all passion is spent, that all tumults of the soul have settled down, and that calm understanding prevails, after testing for depths and loyalties. Then, after the performance of duties to themselves will they reward and bless: even as this reunited family is presented to heaven's parents for blessing and reunion.

Not a cheerful doctrine or decree, but this seems to be the hierarchy of values. Notice how the King, who is sovereign lord of the earth, on whose convenience and time the world has to wait, is a humble supplicant for an interview with Māricha. The latter's is no doubt a kindly but an awesome presence. The King and Śakuntalā are fully reconciled to each other there where all mists clear and they learn the cause of all this misery. Apparent harshness and sorrow line up in proportion to explain conduct and there is a newborn understanding. Their marriage is now really made in heaven.

If the curse episode means anything more than a mere dramatic device or a literary trick it means this—as a value in interpretation and in critical dynamics—if not even as fact in the intention of the poet. And since the curse is what distinguishes the play as ground and explanation of conduct and fortune, the poet seems to convey all this as message. And the structure of the play integrates quite as much as it enshrines it.

V. SITARAMIAH

A KARMA-YOGIN OF THE WEST*

Dr. Kraus, the publishers tell us, "was a friend and correspondent of Schweitzer; imprisoned by the Nazis, he ultimately reached England and continued his work at Oxford, where he died in 1942." The Master of Balliol pays him high tribute in a brief introduction to this translation. "When you met the man there was a single-heartedness and simplicity that shone from him, a wonderful example of scholarly devotion carried to a pitch of saintliness." But Dr. Lindsay hints that the English reader may find Kraus's

> demand for an unshakable intellectual certainty . . . very odd and even rather in the way. . . . What Professor Kraus in effect says is, "This man's metaphysics are completely erroneous and I should not really bother about them except that, when I think of Lambaréné and what Schweitzer did there and why he did it, that action of his illumines all that he has written and said and makes me determined to try and understand how such an action came about, how there could be a man like this and what he stands for in this shattered and groaning world."

The book was written in 1925 and published under the title "A Character-Study of an Ethical Personality and a Philosophic Mystic." After sixty-two

**Albert Schweitzer: His Work and His Philosophy.* By OSKAR KRAUS. (Adam and Charles Black, Ltd., London. 6s.)

pages of what can be described only as philosophical criticism of an unusual degree of intensity (and integrity), Dr. Kraus suddenly reminds himself that "when I undertook this work it was not my intention to write a criticism but an analysis of character." One gathers that with so fruitful a subject he continually found the dividing line a little difficult to see—for metaphysics can create as much darkness as light, especially the metaphysics of a man so (may we suggest?) terrifyingly intellectual as Dr. Kraus. Or, to put it in another way, Kraus is like a man who has stared so long into the sun of the absolute that when he turns away he is blind to all else around him.

Nevertheless, in his curious cerebral way (in which the intuitive plays no part), he does much honour to Schweitzer's greatness. In seventy pages or so, he searches into each of Schweitzer's many activities and tells us very convincingly what we, with a much humbler metaphysical apparatus, already surmised. (And after all, what book does more than tell us what we already know? To read a book profitably is to be confirmed in what we previously divined.) He reveals the double conflict in Schweitzer: the first between his joy in life ("reverence for life"), the exercise of his immense powers and the scope of his genius on the one hand, and the need for "atonement," the ever-present awareness of suffering humanity on the other: the second, the conflict within—between theism and pantheism, between a fundamental agnosticism and an "unfounded optimism" beyond the sphere of knowledge. This conflict, or contradiction, baffles and fascinates Kraus, who craves, as Dr. Lindsay says, for "unshakable intellectual certainty." But faith begins where intellectual certainty ends; and Schweitzer was great enough to make the crossing. Kraus saw this, though he could not understand it. "In Schweitzer's actions, too," he says, "we see that the ethical forces which were active in Christ are still a living reality."

We are accustomed to think of a saint as being of one of two kinds: the ethical or the religious. The one is moved largely by humanist considerations in the finest sense; the other by the "intellectual love of God." The one is active for good in a stricken world; the other contemplative on a plane from which human suffering is seen *sub specie æternitatis*. Modern psychology, if not mere unprofessional observation, has shewn how often the apparently ethical activity is bogus, how it amounts to little more than the restless busybodying of men with no inwardness. Thus altruism becomes the activity of the man with an untenanted soul, and philanthropy the sop to the manufacturer's conscience. Today the bias of the sensitive mind is in favour of the second kind of saint, the contemplative. Faced with the "problem" of a man like Schweitzer, we are all (though in less degree) in Kraus's plight. Here is a man whose integrity is beyond all question and yet who throws aside the gifts of the gods in pure disinterestedness. O wonder in the Western world of the twentieth century! Dr. Kraus is right to describe Schweitzer's great renunciation as "a work of atonement." By it Schweitzer atones, so far as one man is able, for the evil done by modern Europe to the ancient land of Africa. And in the work of atonement, ethical and religious meet and fuse into one compelling act.

J. P. HOGAN

GANDHIJI*

These quite distinctive books are both by honest men, who have been honest not only with Gandhi, but with themselves. The value of their different approaches lies in the fact that each author has looked at the Mahatma in the light of his own tested personal experience—Mr. Fischer as a democratic American journalist living in and out of his country; Mr. Walker as a British Christian pacifist living in and out of his country's prisons.

Neither of them claims to present anything more than a subjective and necessarily incomplete likeness of the Mahatma's personality, conversation, or writings. The perfect Gandhi-book is yet to be published. When it is, the author or compiler will probably be much more metaphysical-minded than is Mr. Fischer, and perhaps less inclined to religious hero-worship than Mr. Walker.

It is to the latter's credit that he at once makes known his bias by conviction in his Introduction to *The Wisdom of Gandhi*:—

> I began with a general acceptance of Mr. Gandhi's pacifist position, and a study of his life and work has deepened my belief and widened my understanding of him. More than this, his wisdom has given me peace and composure in a time of trial and sorrow. Mahatma Gandhi speaks always to the people, to the poor, the downtrodden, the simple, and the illiterate. There is not one of us who cannot venerate him and benefit from his gentle wisdom if we number ourselves among those who seek after truth in the spirit of persistent good will.

No Indian *satyagrahi* could pay a warmer tribute, nor, we think, have made a better sixty-page compilation of Gandhi's wise and sane sayings from the pacifist point of view than Mr. Walker has.

What the author of *A Week with Gandhi* lacks of metaphysical wisdom, he makes up for in sympathetic intelligence, human understanding and experience. He shows us the Mahatma at home, a deeply loving and lovable man, good-humouredly putting himself at the disposal of his questioner.

> Gandhi came in, greeted me, and lay down on his bed. "I will take your blows lying down," he said. The Moslem woman gave him a wet mud-pack for his abdomen. He said, "This puts me in touch with my future." I said nothing, and after a moment he remarked. "I see you missed that one." I told him I hadn't missed it, but thought he was too young to think about returning to the dust.

Mr. Fischer's is a respectful, but not a reverent approach. His is an intimate account of a week's political talks with Gandhi at Sevagram in early June of 1942. He clears up many points in which the Mahatma has been mischievously quoted out of context. He does not wilfully suppress any vital facts.

> Gandhi said: "I think my influence is due to the fact that I pursue the truth. That is my goal."
>
> "I do not underestimate the power of truth," I argued. "But this explanation seems to me inadequate. Leaders like Hitler have achieved power by telling lies. That doesn't mean that you cannot become influential by telling the truth. But truth in itself has not always availed others in this country or elsewhere. Why is it," I con-

* *A Week with Gandhi*. By LOUIS FISCHER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6*s*.)
The Wisdom of Gandhi. Selected and arranged by ROY WALKER. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 2*s*. 6*d*.)

tinued, "that you, without any of the paraphernalia of power, without a government or police behind you,...have been able to sway millions and get them to sacrifice their comforts and time and even their lives?"

"Truth," he said, "is not merely a matter of words. It is really a matter of living the truth."...He paused.

"Isn't it," I suggested, "that when you advocate independence you strike a chord in many Indians? A musician does something to the members of his audience. You play a note which Indians are waiting to hear....You say and do what your people want you to say and do?"

"Yes," he said, "maybe that is it."

This is the nearest Mr. Fischer comes to metaphysics. He is not likely ever to spell truth with a capital T. But how much of truth there is in his plain honest thinking! Yes, as the Mahatma said, maybe that is it.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Little Reviews 1914–1943. By DENYS VAL BAKER. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2 *s*.)

This rather unsatisfactory little book on a rather unsatisfactory little subject is somewhat lacking in critical standards (and might perhaps have been more carefully written and proof-read). It catalogues the literary reviews which have appeared in the cultural firmament of the past thirty years, blazed there for a time, and, in nearly all cases, vanished leaving little or no trace. If there was any doubt about it, this catalogue makes it abundantly clear that this type of literature is essentially ephemeral; the exceptions merely prove the rule. That is well enough: little reviews are still interesting in their place: but extravagant claims must not be made for them, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Baker's contention—that they are the reflection of "the spirit of a literary period" and are "at least alive and honest" since their contributors write for the most part to please themselves—will bear examination. Too often little reviews are the meeting-place of a mutual admiration society or the expression of an individual's idiosyncrasies. Contributions to them are only in rare cases significant beyond their moment; and this, judging by Mr. Baker's lists, is equally true of their authors. Literary papers tend, in fact, to contain rather the dross than the pure ore of a literary period and so present a distortion rather than a true reflection of its spirit. And whether or no writings set down to please their writers are alive and honest depends upon the writers. The intellectual pomposity and introspective egotism which find too easy a field of expression in literary reviews are liable to be negative and devitalized, affected and self-deceptive, rather than alive and honest. Brilliant exceptions—two or three papers, half a dozen contributors—no doubt justify the dreariness of literary papers in general. But these speak for themselves; which leaves all too little justification for Mr. Baker's essay.

R. H. WARD

The Motherly and Auspicious. By MAURICE COLLIS. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This strange work has no religious or philosophical interest. On the other hand, it is of great interest as a psychological and as a historical study. Readers who can remember, even hazily, the affairs and vague influences of the world at the beginning of this century may recollect that in 1900 there were persistent rumours of a terrifying Dowager-Empress of China. Mr. Maurice Collis's new book is a loosely built semi-dramatic version of her life, supplemented with a clear well-written preface which sets forth the salient facts of this astonishing and appalling career. The reader will not have forgotten Mr. Collis's gripping account of "Siamese" White, the seventeenth-century pirate-financier who for a time practically ruled Siam, and will therefore perceive that the author has a liking for unscrupulous and high-powered personalities.

In the construction of his drama he has adopted as much of Chinese dramatic convention as, in these days, any reader or spectator should want. We have, after all, been familiar with the amusing informalities of the Chinese stage ever since, about thirty years ago, *The Yellow Jacket* gave us a surprise of quaintness. The Confucian civil servant (with his habit of writing poems whenever he finds a little leisure) who here acts as *compère* before each scene, well justifies his time on the stage. Indeed, the piece would lack coherence without him. Mr. Collis perhaps does not expect this work to be performed. It contains a costly number of characters; the action is so episodical as rather to suit the novel than the drama; and the speeches, though gracefully phrased, do not issue from different voices or different brains.

"Tzu Hsi, which means Motherly and Auspicious, was born in 1835 and died in 1908." She was the daughter of a petty official, and from obscurity and extreme poverty rose by ruthlessness and determination to the high position of Imperial Concubine. In order to increase her power she obtained a newborn man-child and persuaded the Emperor that it was his and hers. In due course she became Dowager-Empress and Regent of China, riding rough-shod over three dissolute Emperors and two or three brainless Empresses: nor did she think anything of poisoning man, woman or eunuch who might seem to stand in her path. Like most women of her uncompromising type, Tzu Hsi evoked almost as much devotion as detestation, and Mr. Collis has used with advantage the memoirs of an admiring lady-in-waiting who casually states that the Dowager-Empress was always attended by a squad of floggers, and that one hairdresser was beaten to death because the comb pulled out a few of the Imperial hairs.

In late life, too, it was Tzu Hsi who, hating and despising the Western races, incited the Boxers to attack them and, in consequence, provoked the pillaging of the Palace at Peking.

Here, then, is the record of a callous, crafty, power-drunken woman: but Mr. Collis, an able interpreter of the Far East, flounders fantastically when he says that

> One difficulty in England in understanding such a person as Tzu Hsi is the absence of her like in our history. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria [save the mark!] have some resemblance to her, but they had not her

overwhelming force, the force of the female when fully concentrated.... She had only one interest—to see the force she represented prevail over its opposite, to know that she, a woman, was the master of men.

In English history we may not be able to find her counterpart, but Mr. Collis could find a number of equally formidable and soulless women in the annals of the Merovingians and in the earlier part of the Italian Renaissance. Even Catherine de Medici and Catherine of Russia might consider their chances of winning a first prize for feminine infamy.

CLIFFORD BAX

The Eleven Religions and Their Proverbial Lore: A Comparative Study. By SELWYN GURNEY CHAMPION, M. D. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., London. 18s.)

This is an anthology of quotations from the sacred scriptures and the classical writings of the eleven major living religions of the world and of the proverbs of the peoples following those religions. The eleven religions dealt with are Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hebraism, Hinduism, Islam, Jainism, Shinto, Sikhism, Taoism and Zoroastrianism. The plan of the book is simple. Each of these religions has been introduced by an essay by a leading authority on the subject. Each introductory essay not only embodies a short historical account of one religion but also epitomises its fundamental teachings. Confucianism and Taoism are thus introduced by Dr. Lionel Giles, Buddhism by Dr. E. J. Thomas, Christianity by Dr. L. E. Elliott-Binns, Hinduism by Dr. Betty Heimann and Islam by the Rev. Richard Bell. The different religions, like the excerpts and the proverbs, have been arranged alphabetically. A comparative table gives origin and distribution of the eleven religions and a detailed index at the close facilitates reference.

The claim to impartiality implied in the subtitle seems justified. There is some disparity, however, in the number of selections in proportion to the following each religion has attracted. For example, Buddhism with the largest following and going back to the 6th century B. C. gets only 333 references while Christianity, with a lesser number of adherents and younger by about 600 years, claims 907, and Hebraism with an even smaller following tops the list with 1019. A similar disparity is noticeable in the cases of Hinduism and Islam. A larger number of references do not necessarily mean prestige or dignity for the religion, however, and this unbalanced selection need not concern the critic unduly. It does not detract from the quality and the purpose of the book. Its reader cannot easily miss the fundamental unity of the central teachings of all the great religions.

If the quotations from the scriptures and classical writings represent the best thoughts of all times and climes, the proverbs indicate the extent of the assimilation of those teachings into common popular experience. The Golden Rule, for instance, is not the exclusive property of any single religion, as is generally claimed, but has been, as the author brings out in a comparative table, stressed by almost all the great religions, though in different words. The ethical code that underlies every religion is what ensures the basic unity of all. That code has always

pleaded for compassion and tolerance, charity and kindness, whatever the external denomination. Invaluable for the student of comparative religions, a patient study of the book should greatly help in dissipating sectarian differences.

V. M. I.

Training for the Life of the Spirit. Pamphlet Two. By GERALD HEARD. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Heard's first pamphlet, of which this is the successor, dealt mainly with the ground to be cleared by a beginner who would undertake the arduous exercises by which character can be changed and latent spiritual capacity released. Here we are introduced step by step to the exercises themselves. Not that there is any hard and fast line between the two pamphlets. If the first concentrated primarily on "Purgation," the getting rid of bad or futile habits, and this one deals chiefly with growth in "Proficiency" or the acquirement of virtues, each is a condition of the other. So far as Mr. Heard differs from the countless earlier writers on the practice of prayer it is in his belief that by means of it men and women can become, not merely more saintly or harmonised or truly resigned, but, in a very practical and revolutionary sense, seers and world-changers. Writing, for example, of one of the more advanced stages in the experience of prayer, that in which true contemplation begins with "The Prayer of Christ," he says:—

> A Crisis of growth has been reached and all and every resource is now pressed into the service of effecting a lasting issue. For first we have discovered what attention and devotion is required if much of the work done is not to be wasted, if prayer is really to yield its tremendous, unique results—change of character, and not merely change of conduct. And secondly we have begun to detect what lies ahead: if we will persevere and become completely qualified then we may attain to that complete change of consciousness which alone permits the life of full, direct and time-changing action.

That "complete change of consciousness" which, in his view, is the goal of prayer, is a psycho-physical state, not merely an enlargement of abstract awareness. In advancing towards it the body, as he puts it, may at certain stages, be "left behind as the consciousness hastens on to face up fully to Reality."

> But once Reality is confronted and can be endured, then the body can and does draw up alongside. Though at first shocked...the body can now take part in the new efficiency, in the complete allaying of conflict and in perfect functioning.

This will suggest how little for Mr. Heard prayer is a private retreat into some entranced communion with another sphere in which the body is left behind. If he errs in his emphasis, it is in making prayer too much of a science, too little of an art, in expounding its technique almost as if it were a sort of super-Pelmanism which will qualify those who practise the exercises to be the revolutionary adepts and reorganisers of a disintegrating world. He allows too little, perhaps, for the essential element of creative mystery, with its corollary on the human side of seeking and even visualising no efficient end to be achieved, out of which may spring what he describes as "a beautiful and subtle balance of attention only possible after innumerable efforts and complete renunciation of self."

But as a succinct guide to the ascending and descending stages of prayer, vocal, mental, affective, and of "Simple Regard," leading over the threshold of Proficiency itself, this is a clear and helpful little book.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The horizon has broadened almost terrifyingly in recent years. The primary ethical requirements have not changed. To deal justly and to love mercy are still of the essence of righteousness. But to apply justice and mercy only in one's immediate social and economic group, which once summed up the obligations of the common man, comes today little short of denying them outright. Almost overnight the world has become our neighbour and the responsibilities of world citizenship are not light. They cannot be properly discharged in ignorance. International policies are the concern of all.

What the United Nations are doing and planning on a hemispheral scale to relieve distress after hostilities stop is as much the concern of the ordinary man today as the destitution of his next-door neighbour was, a century ago. He must be ready to make the necessary sacrifices. He should welcome such a digest of official reports on "Relief and Rehabilitation" as the Fabian International Bureau recently brought out. (The Fabian Bookshop, 11, Dartmouth Street, London, S. W. 1. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

This paper analyses the Agreement of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association, the Resolutions adopted by the U. N. R. R. A. Council at its first session (November 10th to December 1st, 1943) and the recommendations of the Inter-Allied Post-War Requirements Committee. It brings out some disturbing problems. These include the dangerous lag in the accumulation of reserves of essential commodities against the day of need, which may come sooner than anticipated. Too long delay, inadequate prevision, may mean a shocking toll in human suffering and human life.

Discrimination in distribution on national, religious or racial grounds is guarded against in theory by a Resolution of the U. N. R. R. A. The force of public opinion must insure that it is guarded against in fact. The special need is pointed out for agreement on a broad and generous policy towards the relief of former enemies. And a number of administration problems are posed of which the most important is the need for an overall organisation which shall be above national and regional policies. The problem of repatriating some 20,000,000 European refugees looms large. China apparently is to be left to deal with her own vast refugee problem; it is announced to lie outside the purview of the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees.

A merited rebuke, a ringing challenge to the educated womanhood of India is given by the President of the All-India Women's Conference in *The Bharat Jyoti* for the 21st of May. "Where are those mystery maidens, the educated girls of India?" she demands. The picture of mass wretchedness she paints must put the

acquiescent privileged to shame. The huddled squalor of the city chawls, the destitution of the cultivators, the awful toll of life exacted by preventable disease, the hopeless inadequacy of medical and nursing services, the backwardness of obstetrics in India, the shocking infant mortality, the pall of ignorance that lies upon the common people. Need Government neglect be matched by educated indifference? These things ought not to be!

Not only in the alleviation of these many and glaring defects but in constructive efforts also should educated women pull their weight. Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya mentions the revival of hand-industries as a line of effort that would pay rich dividends. Not only would it bring increased income but also, to how many drab and hopeless lives, a new self-confidence and the joy that creative activity can give. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

Noblesse oblige! and every privilege carries its corresponding responsibility. Of those to whom much has been given much can legitimately be expected. In happier times, under better conditions, it might be enough for an educated woman to lead a pure and virtuous life, and to let her light shine only for her household and her friends. *It is not enough today.* While ignorance and misery and want are the lot of the majority, while homeless children wander through our streets, the educated woman who does not look beyond the four walls of her home cannot escape the charge of heartless selfishness.

The Fabian Society for sixty years has been an unwelcome spur to political orthodoxy, thanks to its penchant for seeing farther and straighter than the average man and its embarrassing habit of speaking its mind. As William A. Robson writes in the Diamond Jubilee Number of *Fabian Quarterly*,

> the Fabian Society has often shown prescience in directing attention to problems that would not otherwise have penetrated the consciousness of the public until many years afterwards, and to that of Governments still later.

Its influence has been evident in many directions, *e. g.*, the growing recognition of the defects of an acquisitive basis of society, the socialisation of particular industries or services, the increasing Governmental control and the recognition of the importance of trade unions, consumer co-operation, the minimum wage, regulation of hours of labour, poor law reform and the idea of a National Medical Service.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, assessing "Fabian Failures and Successes" in the opening article, condemns the cumbersome and dilatory parliamentary advance.

> If we persist in governing ourselves by parliaments which take thirty years to do a week's work we shall some day have to do thirty years' work in a week, which will give us an extremely unpleasant rush hour, and most likely a very bloody one.

Writers in the democracies inveigh against Fascism. Mr. Bernard Shaw uncloaks the wolf in their own fold:—

> State Aided Capitalism, now called... Fascism in Italy, National Socialism in Germany, and Freedom in England, where we are up to the waist in it.

That the roots of anti-Semitism are to be sought not in politics or economics or social prejudice but in the Christian Church is the argument of

Paul Eldridge (condensed from *The Protestant* in *Magazine Digest*, March 1944). The poison is injected into children's minds that the Jews killed Jesus. The subsequent Jew-baiter has only acted on the diabolical insinuation. And the fact that such teaching of hate has continued for centuries to pervert young minds is indicative of the measure of distortion which the basic teaching of Christian love has suffered at the hands of the Church. "We Must Discard the Scapegoat Complex," the title of the article proclaims.

Even as democracy cannot endure half free and half slave, so Christianity cannot exist half love and half hate.

The Jew is surrounded by fear and suspicion and hatred whether in democratic America or in occupied Europe. Whatever the cause, the fact of racial prejudice is there, to be eradicated only by proper understanding of mutual human relations. The Churches, if they would, could hardly undo overnight the mischief of centuries and of their own making. The Jewish problem has therefore to be handled like any other problem of race and colour prejudice; by attempting to bring to all awareness of the basic fact of common humanity; by emphasis on trust and co-operation rather than prejudice and suffering. The one thing needful is willingness to understand our fellowmen and act upon that understanding.

Under the heading "Total War on Intolerance" Mr. Benjamin Fine describes in *Liberty* of 4th March the "Springfield Plan," a constructive educational approach to racial and religious tolerance. Springfield, Massachusetts, was the pioneer, but Pittsburgh and other American cities are following suit in educating for unprejudiced citizenship. At every stage the importance of living together in mutual co-operation, in a true democratic spirit, is stressed. As class-room work the children prepare scrap-books full of interesting facts.

The cultural contribution of different racial groups is studied and points of creedal similarity are brought out in joint festival celebrations. Frank social intercourse among the children has meant the breakdown of cliques. The plan, while working from inside with the students, reaches out also into the community, encouraging desirable racial attitudes in prospective employers, fostering adult education forums etc. The teaching staff includes Negroes. All these calculated moves to dissipate complexes, the writer notices with satisfaction, are producing the desired results, and he believes the success of the plan "shows that a community, by going all-out in a total war on prejudice, can succeed."

If the lesson that differences do not necessarily imply inferiority can be brought home in time of war, when enemy inferiority is almost an article of patriotic faith, what could not be accomplished in peace time!

"Man," Massingham, late Editor of *The Nation*, once exclaimed, "is quite the bloodiest fool God made." H. M. Tomlinson, who recalls that verdict in his "Notes on the Way" in *Time and Tide* for 25th March, does not himself suffer fools gladly. He brings in a special indictment against men of business, who have been in control and have made a mess of things. "Men of business terrify me

more than Hitler ever did," he confesses and puts his finger on their disqualification as politicians. "Service of Mammon and the people at the same time cannot be done." And today, despite proved possibilities of destruction through the conquest of the air, the business men, he complains, are denouncing international control of the airplane and clamouring for "freedom of the air." "Commercial freedom in the air may end in our inability to breathe it."

Mr. Tomlinson cannot see much improvement since 1900.

> My recollections as a journalist point to the probability that the commonweal, though its fund of skill, gadgets and knowledge has increased miraculously, makes collective noises more like Bedlam than ever, and louder....Our latest gadgets have actually broken up the work of ten centuries.

Even today, after five years of suffering and death, the lesson does not seem to have been learned. Not until human welfare is placed above national commercial and business interests can unrestricted freedom of the air fail to invite ever larger potentialities of winged death and destruction.

"A 'Third Front'—Against Juvenile Crime" is urged by John Edgar Hoover in *The New York Times Magazine* of 27th February. The Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation sees the war's influence in the great increase of crime among young people in the U. S. A. The first nine months of 1943 saw 57.4 per cent more arrests of girls under 21 than the corresponding period of the year before. And the explanation?

"Juvenile crime flourishes where the home ties have been weakened," he declares. "Our homes are not the sanctuaries of family life they on were." The war has enormous increased the tendency towards negle of children. Elders in many cases a on war work and, as another writ has put it, the production front h been strengthened at the expense the home front.

But parental neglect is not the who story. Vocational and recreation programmes of the community, rur or urban, are inadequate. And th war's background of violence an ruthlessness has had a dire effec How could it be otherwise in a univers of law? Youth's natural desire fo adventure and excitement has in man cases been misdirected. As the ol Hebrew prophet Jeremiah quaintl put it: "The fathers have eaten sour grape, and the children's teet are set on edge." Mr. Hoove writes:—

> The screaming newspaper headlines daring Commando raids, hand-to-hand en counters and courageous dive bombings hav whipped young blood to the fever point.

Result: increasing violence, van dalism and promiscuity. Mr. Hoove warns against a future era of seriou adult lawlessness unless home an community (in the geographical o civic sense) provide the indispensabl control and legitimate outlets fo youthful energy.

The U. S. Children's Bureau's *Con trolling Juvenile Delinquency: A Com munity Programme*, brought out las year, places the responsibility squarely on the failure of home and community "to satisfy the basic needs of children and youth—the need for security and for opportunity for growth and achieve ment."

Home ties are stronger here and the war's influence less stimulating in the wrong direction to the country's youth, thanks partly to the wide-spread illiteracy. But even India cannot afford to lose sight of the community's responsibility for furnishing young people opportunities for right expression of their energies and talents.